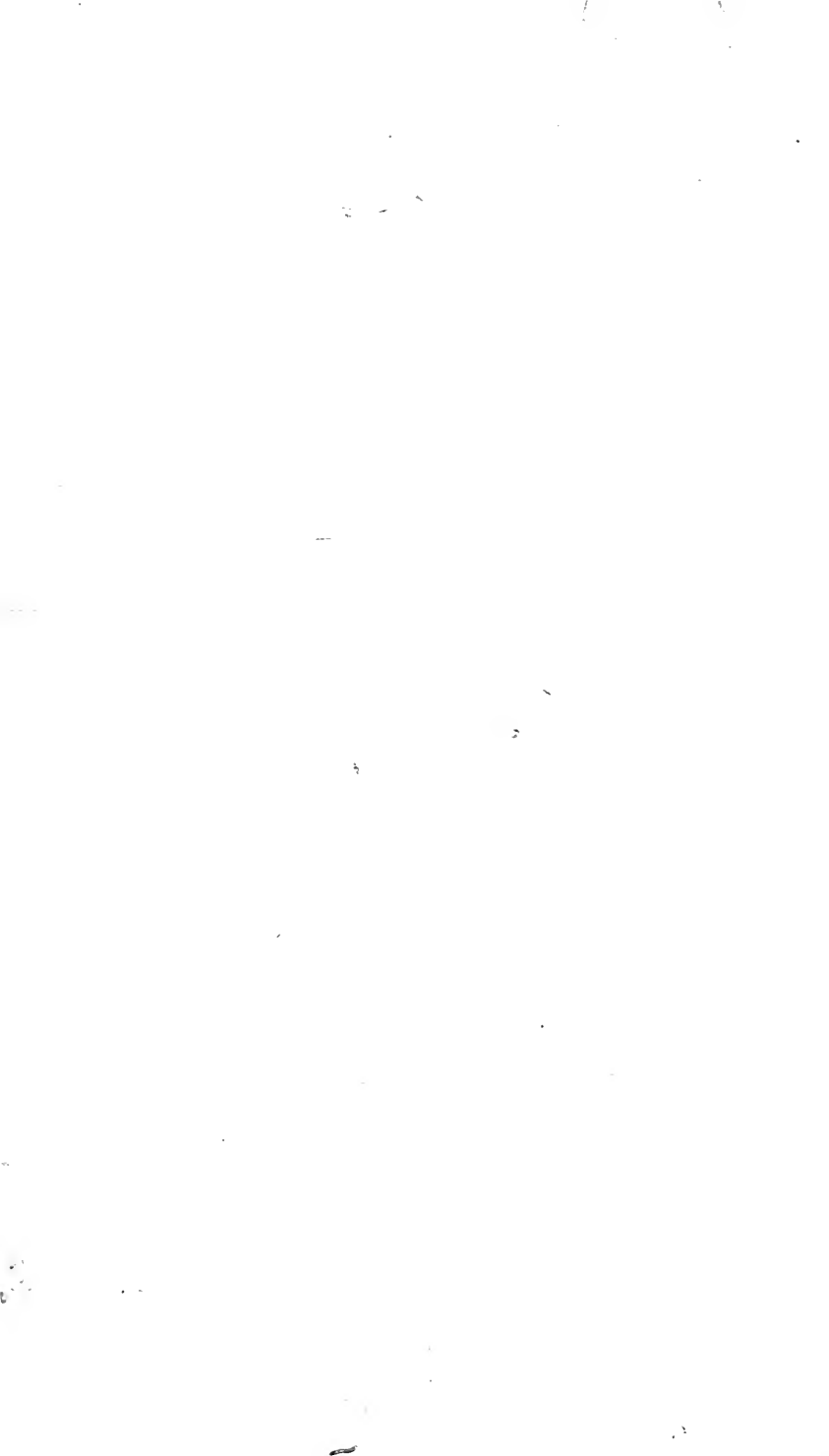




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p. 1.

Paradise Regain'd.

A

P O E M.

In Four BOOKS.

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES.

A N D

POEMS upon several Occasions.

With a Treatise of Education.

The AUTHOR

J O H N M I L T O N.

The SIXTH EDITION, Corrected.

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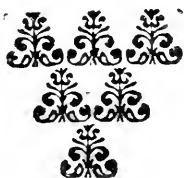
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Para-



PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.



W H O ere while the happy Garden sung,
By one Man's Disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm Obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter
foil'd

In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And *Eden* rais'd in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite
Into the Desert, his victorious Field
Against the spiritual Foe, and brought'st him thence 10
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,
And bear through heighth or depth of Nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above Heroic, though in secret done, 15
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t'have not remain'd so long unsung.

B

Now

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
 More awful than the sound of Trumpet, cry'd
 Repentance, and Heaven's Kingdom nigh at hand 20
 To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptism flock'd
 With awe the Regions round, and with them came
 From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joseph* deem'd
 To the flood *Jordan* came, as then obscure,
 Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptist soon 25
 Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
 To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
 His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a Dove 30
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
 From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
 That heard the Adversary, who roving still
 About the World, at that Assembly fam'd
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
 Nigh Thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
 Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
 With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
 To Council summons all his mighty Peers, 40
 Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
 A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst
 With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide world,
 For much more willingly I mention Air, 45
 This our old Conquest, than remember Hell
 Our hated habitation; well ye know
 How many Ages, as the years of men,
 This Universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
 In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 3

Since *Adam* and his facil consort *Eve*
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav'n 55
Delay, for longest time to him is short ;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compast, wherein we
Must bide the stroak of that long threatn'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air ;
For this ill news I bring, the Woman's seed
Destin'd to this, is late of Woman born, 65
His Birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to atchieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim 70
His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purifi'd to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King : all come, 75
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The Testimony of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt ; I saw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
Out of the Water, Heav'n above the Clouds
Unfold her Chrystal Doors, thence on his head
A perfect Dove descend, whate'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Sovereign voice I hear
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd, 85

4 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
 He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,
 And what will he not do to advance his Son ?
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep ; 90
 Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine ;
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
 Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,
 Ere in the head of Nations he appear
 Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin *Adam*, and th' exploit perform'd
 Successfully ; a calmer Voyage now
 Will waite me ; and the way found prosp'rous once
 Induces best to hope of like success. 105
 He ended, and his words impress'dion left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
 Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings ; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief : 110
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main Enterprize
 To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
 In *Adam's* overthrow, and led their march 115
 From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
 Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea Gods
 Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.
 So to the Coast of *Jordan* he directs
 His easie steps ; girded with snaky wiles, 120
 Where

Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
 This Man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try ;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his Reign on Earth so long enjoy'd: 125
 But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
 Of the most High, who in full frequence bright
 Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* smiling spake.
Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130
 Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
 With man or mens affairs, how I begin
 To verifie that solemn Message late,
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
 In *Galilee*, that she should bear a Son 135
 Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God ;
 Then toldst her, doubting how these things could be
 To her a Virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the Power of the Highest
 O'er-shadow her: this Man born and now up-grown,
 To shew him worthy of his Birth Divine 140
 And high Prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan ; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng 145
 Of his Apostasie ; he might have learnt
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in *Job*,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent ;
 He now shall know I can produce a Man 150
 Of female Seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
 Winning by Conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean 155

6 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

To exercise him in the Wilderness,
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
 By Humiliation and strong Sufferance : 160
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanick strength
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ;
 That all the Angels and Ætherial Powers,
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose 165
 This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and all Heav'n
 Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
 Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd 170
 Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175
 The Father knows the Son ; therefore secure
 Ventures his filial Virtue, though untry'd,
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce
 Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180
 And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd :
 Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
 Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
 Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first

Publish his God-like Office now mature,
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190.
 With solitude, till far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He entred now the bordering defart wild,
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditation thus pursu'd. 195.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
 What from within I feel my self, and hear,
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compar'd. 200
 When I was yet a Child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
 What might be publick good; my self I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205.
 All righteous things: therefore above my years,
 The Law of God I read and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast. 210
 I went into the Temple, there to hear
 The Teachers of our Law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own;
 And was admir'd by all, yet this not all
 To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds 215
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while.
 To rescue *Israel* from the *Roman* Yoke,
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
 Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd: 220
 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first

8 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear ;
 At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
 Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware 225
 Mis-led ; the stubborn only to destroy.
 These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
 And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts
 O Son, but nourish them, and let them soar 230
 To what heighth sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high ;
 By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.
 For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,
 Though men esteem thee low of Parentage, 235
 Thy Father is th' Eternal King who rules
 All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men ;
 A messenger from God foretold thy Birth
 Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
 Thou should'st be great and sit on *David's Throne*,
 And of thy kingdom there shall be no end. 241
 At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
 Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* sung
 To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born, 245
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came ;
 Directed to the Manger where thou lay'st,
 For in the Inn was left no better room :
 A Star not seen before in Heav'n appearing
 Guided the Wise Men thither from the East, 250
 To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heav'n,
 By which they knew the King of *Israel* born.
 Just *Simeon* and Prophetick *Anna* warn'd 255
 By Vision found thee in the Temple, and spake

Before

Before the Altar and the vested Priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood :
 This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 261
 Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake-
 I am ; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay even to the death,
 Ere I the promis'd Kingdom can attain, 265
 Or work Redemption for mankind, whose sins-
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
 Before Messiah and his way prepare.
 I as all others to his Baptism came,
 Which I believ'd was from above ; but he
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me him (for it was shew'n him so from Heav'n). 276
 Me him whose Harbinger he was ; and first
 Refus'd on me his Baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won :
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a Dove,
 And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
 He was well pleas'd ; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The Authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n,
 And now by some strong motion I am led 290
 Into this Wilderness, to what intent

10 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know ;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld 295
A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades ;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane steps untrod :
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come 300
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choicest Society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill,
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient Oak 305
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd ;
Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild Beasts : they at his sight grew mild, 310
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe, 315
Or wither'd sticks to gather ; which might serve
Against a Winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake. 320

Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In Troop or Caravan, for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here

His Carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drought. 325
 I ask the rather, and the more admire,
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
 Of *Jordan* honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
 Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
 Who dwell this wilde, constrain'd by want, come forth.
 To Town or Village nigh (nigheft is far)
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
 What happ'ns new; Fame also finds us out. 334

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither:
 Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek.

By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
 What other way I see not, for we here
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
 More than the Camel, and to drink go far, 340
 Men to much misery and hardship born;
 But if thou be the Son of God, command
 That out of these hard stones be made thee Bread;
 So shalt thou save thy self and us relieve
 With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
 Think'st thou such force in Bread? is it not written
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
 Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word
 Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed 350
 Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
 And forty days *Elijah* without food
 Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom

12 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch Fiend now undisguis'd.
 'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
 Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
 Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n 360
 With them from blifs to the bottomless deep,
 Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
 By rigour unconniving, but that oft
 Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy
 Large Liberty to round this Globe of Earth, 365
 Or range in th' Air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
 I came among the Sons of God, when he
 Gave up into my hands *Uzzean Job*
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth ; 370
 And when to all his Angels he propos'd
 To draw the proud King *Ahab* into fraud
 That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demurring,
 I undertook that Office, and the tongues
 Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lies 375
 To his destruction, as I had in charge,
 For what he bids I do ; though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
 To love, at least contemplate and admire 380
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent 385
 Thy Wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds ?
 Men generally think me much a foe
 To all mankind : why should I ? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence, by them 390
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these Regions of the World, If

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 13

If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, 395
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and wo.
At first it may be; but long since with wo
Never acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens ought each mans peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more. 405

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd:
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'st indeed, 410
As a poor miserable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the Prime in Splendor, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shun'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn 415
To all the Host of Heav'n; the happy place
Imports to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n. 420
But thou art serviceable to Heav'ns King.
Wilt thou impute t' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous *Job*, then cruelly to afflict him 425
With all afflictions, but his patience won?

14 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

The other service was thy chosen task,
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths ;
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth ; all Oracles 430
 By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true
 Among the Nations ? that hath been thy craft,
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
 But what have been thy answers, what but dark
 Ambiguous and with double sense deluding, 435
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
 And not well understood as good not known ?
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
 To flie or follow what concern'd him most, 440
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?
 For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up
 To thy Delusions ; justly, since they fell
 Idolatrous, but when his purpose is
 Among them to declare his Providence 445
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
 But from him or his Angels President
 In ev'ry Province, who themselves disdain
 T' approach thy Temple, give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
 To thy Adorers ; thou with trembling fear,
 Or like a fawning Parasite obey'st ;
 Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd ;
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
 The Gentiles ; henceforth Oracles are ceas'd,
 And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
 Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos* or elsewhere,
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his loving Oracle 460
 Into the World to teach his final will,

And

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 15

And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, and inward Oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend, 465
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this Answer smooth return'd:

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me; where 470
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord; 475
From thee I can and must submit endure
Check or reproof, and glad t'escape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song; 480
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
And talk at least, tho I despair to attain. 485
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490
To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow,
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
 I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st
 Permission from above; thou can'st not more. 495

He added not; and Satan bowing low
 His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
 Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
 Night with her sullen wings to double-shade 500
 The Desert, Fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
 And now wild Beasts came forth the Woods to roam.

The End of the First Book.





PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
 At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,

And on that high Authority had believ'd, 5
 And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known,
 With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
 Now missing him their Joy so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt :
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
 And for a time caught up to God, as once 15
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long ;
 And the great *Thisbite* who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
 Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
 Sought lost *Elijah*, so in each place these

Nigh

18 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Nigh to *Bethabara* ; in *Ferico* 20
 The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* old,
Macharus and each Town or City wall'd
 On this side the broad lake *Genezaret*,
 Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.
 Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek, 25
 Where winds with Reeds and Osiers whisp'ring play,
 Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,
 Close in a Cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and complaints out breath'd.
 Alas, from that high hope to what relapse 30
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n, our Eyes beheld
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our Fathers ; we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth,
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35
 The Kingdom shall to *Israel* be restor'd :
 Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our Joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze :
 For whither is he gone, what accident
 Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire 40
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation ? God of *Israel*,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come ;
 Behold the Kings of th' Earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what heighth their Pow'r unjust 45
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee ; arise and vindicate
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke,
 But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
 In publick, and with him we have convers'd ;
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his Providence ; he will not fail

Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 55
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought :
 But to his mother *Mary*, when she saw 60
 Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
 Nor left at *Jordan*, tidings of him none;
 Within her breast, though calm; her breast, though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad. 65

O what avails me now that honour high
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
 Hale highly favour'd, among Women blest;
 While I to Sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
 Of other Women, by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born when scarce a Shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air, a Stable was our warmth,
 A Manger his, yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
 Thence into *Egypt*, till the murd'rous King
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With Infant blood the streets of *Bethlehem*;
 From *Egypt* home return'd, in *Nazareth*
 Hath been our dwelling many years, his life 80
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any King; but now
 Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 By *John* the Baptist, and in publick shown,
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice : 85
 I look'd for some great change; to Honour? no,
 But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain foretold,

That

That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in *Israel*, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very Soul 90
 A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
 My Exaltation to Afflictions high ;
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest ;
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.
 But where delays he now ? some great intent 95
 Conceals him : when twelve years he scarce had seen,
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself ; but went about
 His Father's business ; what he meant I mus'd,
 Since understand ; much more his absence now 100
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd ;
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus *Mary* pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling :
 The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,
 Sole but with holiest Meditations fed, 110
 Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set ;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on Earth, and mission high :
 For Satan with sly preface to return 115
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon
 Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
 Where all his Potentates in Council sate ;
 There without sign of boast, or sing of joy,
 Sollicitous and blank he thus began. 120

Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
 Demonian Spirits now, from th' Element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,
 Pow'rs of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
 Without new troubles; such an Enemy
 Is risen to invade us, whom no less
 Threatens our expulsion down to Hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequence was impower'd, 130
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
 Far other labour to be undergon
 Than when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,
 Though *Adam* by his Wife's allurements fell,
 However to this Man inferior far, 135
 If he be Man by Mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
 Of my success with *Eve* in Paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst 145
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell, 150
 The sensualest, and, after *Asinodai*,
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.

22 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found ;
 Many are in each Region passing fair 155
 As the noon Sky ; more like to Goddeffes
 Than mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in am'rous Arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, Virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t'appr oach, 160
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangl'd in amorous Nets.
 Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'ft brow,
 Eneve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resoluteft breast,
 As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest *Solomon*, and made him build, 170
 And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd :
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'ft
 All others by thy self, because of old
 Thou thy self doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring 175
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'ft, but taken with such toys.
 Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
 False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'dst,
 In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
 In Valley or green Meadow to way-lay 185
 Some Beauty rare, *Calisto*, *Clymene*,

Daphne,

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 23

Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,
 Or *Amygone*, *Syrinx*, many more
 Too long, then lay'dst thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter* or *Pan*, 190
 Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195

Remember that *Pelleas* Conqueror,
 A Youth, how all the Beauties of the East
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
 How he firnam'd of *Africa* dismiss'd
 In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* Maid. 200
 For *Solomon*, he liv'd at ease, and full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his State;
 Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
 Than *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
 Of greatest things; what Woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,
 As sitting Queen ador'd on Beauty's Throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 T' enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once
 Wrought that effect on *Jove*, so Fables tell; 215
 How would one look from his Majestick brow,
 Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
 All her array, her female pride deject,
 Or turn to rev'rent awe? for Beauty stands 220

24 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

In th' admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive ; cease t'admire, and all her Plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abasht :
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
 His constancy, with such as have more shew
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise
 Rocks whereon greatest Men have often wreck'd ;
 Or that which only seems to satisfie
 Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond ; 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wild Wilderness,
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim : 235
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active Scene
 Of various Persons each to know his part ; 240
 Then to the Desert takes with these his flight ;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungry first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end ? four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wandring this woody maze, and human Food 245
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite ; that Fast
 To Virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here ; if Nature need not,
 Or God support Nature without repast 250
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure ?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks ; yet God

Can satisfie that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain : so it remain 255
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 Me hungry more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet ; 265
 Him thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* stood,
 And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to *Elijah* bringing Even and Morn,
 Tho rav'nous, taught abstain from what they brought :
 He saw the Prophet also how he fled 270
 Into the Desert, and how there he slept
 Under a Juniper ; then how awak'd,
 He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose, 275
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days ;
 Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
 Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his Pulse.
 Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his Song :
 As lightly from his grassie couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,

26 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd ;
 But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he saw,
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
 With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud ; 290
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High roof and walks beneath, and alleys brown
 That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,
 Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art) 295
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt
 Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs ; he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred, 300
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide
 Of all things destitute, and well I know, 305
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this Wilderness ;
 The fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
 Out-cast *Nebaioth*, yet found here relief
 By a providing Angel ; all the race 310
 Of *Israel* here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from Heav'n Manna, and that Prophet bold
 Native of *Thebes* wandring here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat ;
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus : What conclud'st thou hence ?
 They all had need, I as thou seest have none.

How

How hast thou hunger then ? Satan reply'd,
 Tell me if Food werè now before thee set, 320
 Would'st thou not éat ? Thereafter as I like
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
 Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend ?
 Hast thou not right to all created things ?
 Owe not all Créatures by just right to thee 325
 Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
 But tender all their pow'r ? nor mention I
 Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
 To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse ;
 Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who 330
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd ? Behold
 Nature ásham'd, or better to express,
 Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the Elements her choicest store
 To treat thee as befeems, and as her Lord 335
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade
 A Table richly spread, in Regal mode, 340
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest fort
 And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
 In Pastry-built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd ; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
 Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin, 345
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric* Coast.
 Alas how simple, to these Cates compar'd,
 Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve* !
 And at a stately side-board by the wine 350

28 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
 Than *Ganymed* or *Hylas* ; distant more
 Under the Trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
 Nymphs of *Diana's* train, and *Naiades* 355
 With fruits and flow'rs from *Amalthea's* horn,
 And Ladies of th' *Hesperides*, that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd since
 Of Fairy Damsels met in forest wide
 By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*, 360
Lancelot, or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*.
 And all the while harmonious Airs were heard
 Of chyming strings, or charming pipes and winds
 Of gentlest gale *Arabian* odours fann'd
 From their soft wings, and *Flora's* earliest smells. 365
 Such was the splendor, and the Tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?
 These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
 Defends the touching of these Viands pure, 370
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,
 Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay 375
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord :
 What doubt'st thou Son of God ? sit down and eat.

To whom that Jesus temp'rately reply'd :
 Saidst thou not that to all things I had right ?
 And who with-holds my pow'r that right to use ? 380
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command ?

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 29

I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant
Array'd in Glory on my Cup t'attend : 385
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what hast thou to do ?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent :
That I have also pow'r to give thou see'st,
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd, 395
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it ? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect ;
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that
Both Table and Provision vanish'd quite
With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard ;
Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his Temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd ;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurements yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
High actions ; but wherewith to be achiev'd ?
Great acts require great means of enterprise ;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self

30 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Bred up in poverty and streights at home; 415
 Lost in a Defart here and hunger-bit :
 Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
 To greatness? whence Authority deriv'st,
 What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,
 Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude, 420
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost ?
 Mony brings Honour, Friends, Conquest and Realms ;
 What rais'd *Antipater* the Edomite,
 And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Juda's* Throne,
 (Thy Throne) but gold that got him puissant friends ?
 Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive, 426
 Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
 Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand ;
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430
 While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd ;
 Yet Wealth without these three is impotent
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
 Witness those ancient Empires of the Earth, 435
 In heighth of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd :
 But men endu'd with these, have oft attain'd
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds ;
Gideon and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd lad,
 Whose Off-spring on the Throne of *Judah* sat 440
 So many Ages, and shall yet regain
 That seat, and reign in *Israel* without end.
 Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy Memorial) canst thou not remember 445
Quintus, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, *Regulus* ?
 For I esteem those names of men so poor,

Who

Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches, though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
 And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
 May also in this poverty as soon
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
 Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
 To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge, 455
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
 What if with like aversion I reject
 Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,
 Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleeplefs nights
 To him who wears the Regal Diadem, 461
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
 For therein stands the Office of a King,
 His Honour, Virtue, Merit and chief Praise,
 That for the Publick all this weight he bears. 465
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
 Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;
 Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
 Cities of men, or head-strong multitudes; 470
 Subject himself to Anarchy within,
 Or lawless Passions in him which he serves.
 But to guide Nations in the way of truth
 By saving Doctrine, and from error lead
 To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475
 Is yet more Kingly, this attracts the Soul,
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
 That other o'er the body only reigns,
 And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind
 So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480
 Besides, to give a Kingdom hath been thought

Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought, 485
To gain a Scepter, ofttest better mis'd.

The End of the Second Book.





PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

S O spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 A while as mute, confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift :
 At length collecting all his Serpent wiles, 5
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due ; thy heart 10
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle
Urim and *Thummim*, those oraculous gems
 On *Aaron's* breast ; or tongue of Seers old 15
 Infalible ; or wert thou sought to deeds

34 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

That might require th' array of war, thy skill
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world
 Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
 In battel, though against thy few in arms. 20
 These God-like Virtues wherefore dost thou hide ?
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage Wilderness, wherefore deprive
 All Earth her wonder at thy Acts, thy self
 The fame and glory, glory the reward 25
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected Spirits, most temper'd pure
 Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest ? 30
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe ; the son
 Of *Macedonian Philip* had ere these
 Won *Asia*, and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
 At his dispose, young *Scipio* had brought down
 The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd 35
 The *Pontic* King, and in triumph had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
 Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious : But thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
 Thou neither dost perswade me to seek wealth
 For Empire's sake, nor Empire to affect 45
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of Fame,
 The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt ?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 35

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise,
 They praise and they admire they know not what;
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk, 55
 Of whom to be despis'd were no small praise ?
 His lot who dares be singularly good.
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 This is true glory and renown, when God 60
 Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through Heav'n
 To all his Angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises ; thus he did to *Job*,
 When to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember, 66
 He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant *Job* ?
 Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known ;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. 70
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By Conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,
 Great Cities by assault ; what do these Worthies ;
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75
 Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
 Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their Conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, 80
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worship'd with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice ;
 One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,

36 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Till Conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men, 85
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence; 90
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance; I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
 Made famous in a land and times obscure ;
 Who names not now with honour patient *Job*? 95
 Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable ?)
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100
 Aught suffer'd ; if young *African* for fame
 His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain Men seek 105
 Oft not deserv'd ? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murr'ring thus reply'd.
 Think not so slight of glory ; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father : he seeks glory, 110
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs, not content in Heav'n
 By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
 Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption ; 115
 Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives
 Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 37

Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd ;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts. 120

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reason ; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodnes, and impart
His good communicable t'ev'ry soul 125
Freely ; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning what would likeliest render 130
Contempt instead, dishonour obloquy ?
Hard recompence, unfutable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory ? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame ?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd,
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
That which to God alone of right belongs ;
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God ; and here again 145
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all,
Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.

Of glory as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150
 Worth or not worth their seeking, let it pass :
 But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
 To sit upon thy Father *David's* Throne ;
 By Mother's side thy Father ; though thy right
 Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part 155
 Easily from possession won with arms ;
Judaea now and all the promis'd land,
 Reduc'd a Province under *Roman* yoke,
 Obeys *Tiberius* ; nor is always rul'd
 With temp'rate sway ; oft have they violated 160
 The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus : and think'st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring ?
 So did not *Machabeus* : he indeed 165
 Retir'd unto the Desert, but with arms ;
 And o'er a mighty King so oft prevail'd
 That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,
 Tho Priests, the Crown, and *David's* Throne usurp'd,
 With *Modin* and her suburbs once content. 170
 If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal
 And Duty ; Zeal and Duty are not slow ;
 But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait.
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy Father's house, Duty to free 175
 Thy Country from her Heathen servitude ;
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verifie
 The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,
 The happier reign the sooner it begins,
 Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ? 180

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,

And time there is for all things, Truth hath said :
 If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
 That it shall never end, so when begin 185
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
 What I can suffer, how obey ? who best
 Can suffer, best can do, best reign, who first 195
 Well hath obey'd ; just trial ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting Kingdom, why art thou
 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition ? 200
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction ?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd :
 Let that come when it comes ; all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace ; what worse ? 205
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear ;
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst ; worst is my Port,
 My harbour and my ultimate repose, 210
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime ; whatever for it self condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd ; whether thou
 Reign or reign not ; though to that gentle brow 215
 Willingly I could flie, and hope thy reign,

From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
 (Whose ire I dread more than the Fire of Hell) 220
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thy self and all the world, 225
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their King!
 Perhaps thou lingrest in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of th'enterprize so hazardous and high ;
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found, 230
 Or human nature can receive, consider,
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the *Galilean* Towns,
 And once a year *Jerusalem*, few days 234
 Short sojourn ; and what thence could'st thou observe ?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and Monarchs, and their radiant Courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest in sight
 In all things that to greatest Actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240
 Tim'rous and loth, with novice modesty,
 (As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous :
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245
 The Monarchies of th'Earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,
 And-regal Mysteries, that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand. 250

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
 The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
 It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
 Lay pleasant ; from his side two rivers flow'd, 255
 Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
 Fair Champain with less rivers intervein'd,
 Then meeting join'd their Tribute to the Sea,
 Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine, 259
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills ;
 Huge Cities and high towr'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large
 The Prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert fountainless and dry.
 To this high mountain top the Tempter brought 265
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest and field, and flood, temples and tow'rs
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Affyria and her Empire's ancient bounds, 270
Araxes and the *Caspian* lake, thence on
 As far as *Indus* East, *Euphrates* West,
 And oft beyond ; to South the *Persian* Bay,
 And inaccessible th' *Arabian* drouth :
 Here *Ninevee*, of length within her wall 275
 Sev'ral days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
 Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
 And seat of *Salmanassar*, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns ;
 There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues, 280
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father *David's* house
 Led captive, and *Jerusalem* laid waste,
 Till

42 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Till *Cyrus* set them free ; *Persepolis*
 His City there thou seest, and *Babtra* there ; 285
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
 And *Hecatompylos* her hundred gates,
 There *Susa* by *Choaspes*, amber stream,
 The drink of none but Kings ; of later fame
 Built by *Emathian*, or by *Parthian* hands, 290
 The great *Seleucia*, *Nicibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Tesiphon*,
 Turning with easie eye thou mayst behold.
 All these the *Parthian*, now some Ages past,
 By great *Arsaces* led, who founded first 295
 That Empire, under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great Pow'r ; for now the *Parthian* King
 In *Ctesiphon* hath gather'd all his Host 300
 Against the *Scythian*, whose Incurfions wild
 Have wasted *Sogdiana* ; to her aid
 He marches now in haste ; see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what Martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms, 305
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit ;
 All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel ;
 See how in warlike Muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings.

He lookt and saw what numbers numberless 310
 The City gates out-pour'd, light armed Troops
 In coats of Mail and Military pride ;
 In Mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
 Of many Provinces from bound to bound ; 315
 From *Arachosia*, from *Gandaor* East,
 And *Margiana* to the *Hircanian* cliffs

Of

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 43

Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
 From *Atropatia* and the neighb'ring plains
 Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South 320
 Of *Susiana*, to *Balsara's* hav'n.
 He saw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight; 325
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
 Chariots or Elephants endorft with Tow'rs
 Of Archers, not of lab'ring Pioneers 330
 A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
 Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries, 335
 And Waggon's fraught with Utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a Camp,
 When *Agrican* with all his Northern pow'rs
 Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell;
 The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win 340
 The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*
 His daughter, fought by many prowest Knights,
 Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemane*.
 Such and so numerous was their Chivalry;
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd, 345
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn 350
 All this fair sight; thy Kingdom though foretold

By

44 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,
 Thou never shalt obtain ; prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means, 355
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possess'd of *David's* Throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or *Jews* ; how could'st thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
 Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman, and *Parthian* ? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first
 By my advice, as nearer and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy 365
 Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old *Hyrceanus* bound,
 Maugre the *Roman* : it shall be my task
 To render thee the *Parthian* at dispose ;
 Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league. 370
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstal thee
 In *David's* royal Seat, his true Successor,
 Deliv'rance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
 Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve 375
 In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* dispers'd
 Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joseph*, lost
 Thus long from *Israel* ; serving as of old
 Their Fathers in the land of *Egypt* serv'd,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the Throne of *David* in full glory,
 From *Egypt* to *Euphrates*, and beyond
 Shalt reign, and *Rome* or *Cesar* not need fear. 385

To

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear 390
 Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
 Plausible to the World, to me worth naught.
 Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne: 395
 My time I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
 When that comes think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need
 Thy politick maxims, or that cumbersome 400
 Luggage of War there shewn me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My Brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten Tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full Scepter sway 405
 To just extent over all *Israel's* Sons;
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
 For *Israel*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
 When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring *Israel*, which cost the lives 410
 Of threescore and ten thousand *Israelites*
 By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal
 To *Israel* then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
 From God to worship Calves, and Deities
 Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Ashtaroth*,
 And all th' Idolatries of Heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;

Nor

46 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their Fore-fathers ; but so dy'd
 Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by Circumcision vain, 425
 And God with Idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed, as to their ancient Patrimony,
 Unhumbld, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Headlong wou'd follow ; and to their Gods perhaps
 Of *Bethel* and of *Dan* ? no, let them serve 431
 Their enemies, who serve Idols with God.
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
 Remembring *Abraham*, by some wond'rous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
 And at their passing cleave th'*Assyrian* flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
 When to the promis'd land their Fathers pass'd ;
 To his due time and providence I leave them. 440

So spake *Israel's* true King ; and to the Fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth fallhood contends.

The End of the Third Book.





PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK IV.

P
 Erplex'd and troubled at his bad success
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive Rhetoric
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on *Eve*, 5
 So little here, nay lost; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
 This far his over-match, who self deceiv'd
 And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
 But as a man who had been matchless held 10
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
 To save his credit, and for very spight
 Still will be tempting him who foys him still,
 And never cease, though to his shame the more;
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time, 15
 About the wine-press where sweet moust is powr'd,
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,

Vain

48 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end; 20
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever; and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues.
 He brought our Saviour to the Western side 25
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
 Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men
 From cold *Septentrion* blasts, thence in the midst 31
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an Imperial City stood,
 With Tow'rs and Temples proudly elevate
 On sev'n small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd, 35
 Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
 Statues and Trophies, and Triumphal Arcs,
 Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,
 Above the heighth of Mountains interpos'd.
 By what strange Parallax or Optick skill 40
 Of vision multiply'd through Air, or Glass
 Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The City which thou see'st no other deem
 Than great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth 45
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
 Of Nations; there the Capitol thou see'st
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the *Tarpeian* Rock, her Cittadel
 Impregnable, and there Mount *Palatine* 50
 Th' Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high
 The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 49

Turrets and Terrases, and glitt'ring Spires.
Many a fair Edifice besides, more like 55
Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd
My Airy Microscope) thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold. 60
Thence to the Gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
Pretors, Proconsuls to their Provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of State ;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of their pow'r, 65
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings :
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the *Appian* road,
Or on th' *Emilian*, some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, 70
Meroe Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea ;
From th' *Asian* Kings and *Parthian* among these,
From *India* and the golden *Chersones*,
And utmost *Indian* Isle *Taprobane*, 75
Dusk faces with white filken Turbants wreath'd ;
From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *British* West,
Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay, 80
To *Rome*'s great Emperor, whose wide domain
In ample Territory, Wealth and Pow'r,
Civility of Manners, Arts and Arms,
And long Renown thou justly may'st prefer
Before the *Parthian* ; these two Thrones except, 85
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd ;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all

50 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

The Kingdoms of the World, and all their glory.

This Emp'rour hath no Son, and now is old, 90
 Old and lascivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
 To *Caprea* an Island small but strong
 On the *Campanian* shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked Favourite 95
 All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
 Indu'd with Regal Virtues as thou art,
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
 Mightst thou expel this Monster from his Throne 100
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
 A victor, people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r
 Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105
 Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
 On *David's* Throne, he prophesy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestick show 110
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of Arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou shouldst add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On *Cittron* tables or *Atlantic* stone, 115
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 Their wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,
Chios and *Creet*, and how they quaff in Gold,
 Crystal and Myrrhine cups imbols'd with Gems
 And studs of Pearl, to me shou'dst tell who thirst 120
 And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st
 From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 51

But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed't to talk 125
 Of th' Emperor, how easily subdu'd,
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster: what if I withal
 Expel a Devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormenter Conscience find him out, 130
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That People victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the Nations under yoke, 135
 Peeling their Provinces, exhausted all
 But lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily Scene effeminate.
 What wise and valiant Man would seek to free
 These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145
 Know therefore when my season comes to sit
 On *David's* Throne, it shall be like a tree,
 Spreading and overshad'wing all the Earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All Monarchies besides throughout the World, 150
 And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd:
 I see all offers made by me how slight 155
 Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:

52 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict :
 On th' other side know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought ;
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The Kingdoms of the World to thee I give ;
 For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle ; yet with this reserve, not else, 165
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior Lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me ;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve ?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain : 170
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
 Th' abominable terms, impious condition ;
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175
 'The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve ;
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 'To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
 For this attempt, bolder than that on *Eve*, 180
 And more blasphemous ; which expect to rue.
 The Kingdoms of the World to thee were giv'n,
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,
 Other Donation none thou canst produce :
 If giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings, 185
 God over all Supreme ? if giv'n to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the Giver now
 Repaid ? But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me the Son of God, 190

To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God:
 Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'it
 That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd. 194
 Be not so sore offended, Son of God;
 Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
 What both from men and Angels I receive, 200
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
 Who then thou art whose coming is foretold
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205
 The trial hath endamag'd thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210
 Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Than to a worldly Crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judg'd, 215
 When slipping from thy Mother's eye thou went'it
 Alone into the Temple, there was found
 Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
 On points and questions fitting *Moses'* Chair,
 Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man,
 As morning shews the day. Be famous then 221
 By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world,
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:

54 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

All knowledge is not couch'd in *Moses*' Law, 225
 The *Pentateuch*, or what the Prophets wrote,
 The *Gentiles* also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by Nature's light ;
 And with the *Gentiles* much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st ; 230
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet ?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes ?
 Error by his own arms is best evinc'd. 235
 Look once more ere we leave this specular Mount
 Westward, much nearer by South-west, behold
 Where on th' *Ægian* shore a City stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts 240
 And Eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or Suburban, studious walks and shades ;
 See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird 245
 Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long,
 There flow'ry hill *Hymettus* with the sound
 Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing ; there *Ilissus* rolls
 His whisp'ring stream ; within the walls then view 250
 The Schools of ancient Sages ; his who bred
 Great *Alexander* to subdue the World,
Lyceum there, and painted *Stoa* next :
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow'r
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind *Melesigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,

BOOK IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 55

Whose Poem *Phæbus* challeng'd for his own. 260
 Thence what the lofty grave Tragœdians taught
 In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
 In brief sententious precepts while they treat
 Of fate and chance, and change in human life; 265
 High actions, and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce Democratic,
 Shook th' Arsenal and fulmin'd over *Greece* 270
 To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes'* Throne.
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heav'n descended to the low-roof house
 Of *Socrates*, see there his Tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd 275
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the Schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Sirnam'd *Peripateticks*, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the *Stoic* severe. 280
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a King compleat
 Within thy self, much more with Empire join'd.

 To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd. 285
 Think not, but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I aught; he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true; 290
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd

56 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

To know this only, that he nothing knew ;
 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits ; 295
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense ;
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life,
 In corporal pleasure he, and careles ease :
 The Stoic last in Philosophic pride 300
 By him call'd virtue ; and his virtuous man,
 Wife, perfect in himself, and all possessing
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life, 305
 Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
 Alas what can they teach, and not mis-lead ;
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry,
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none, 315
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets 320
 An empty cloud. However many books
 Wise men have said are wearisom ; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek) 325
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains
 Deep verst in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,

And

And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge ;
 As Children gath'ring pibles on the shore. 330
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With Musick or with Poem, where so soon
 As in our native Language can I find
 That solace ? All our Law and Story strew'd
 With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
 Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in *Babylon*, 336
 That pleas'd so well our Victors ear, declare
 That rather *Greece* from us these arts deriv'd ;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing.
 The vices of their Deities, and their own 340
 In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating
 Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove the swelling Epithetes thick laid
 As varnish on a Harlot's cheek ; the rest,
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight, 345
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With *Sion's* songs, to all true taste excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints :
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee ; 350
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of Nature not in all quite lost.
 Their Orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,
 And lovers of their Country, as may seem ; 355
 But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of Civil Government
 In their Majestic unaffected stile
 Than all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*. 360
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so,
 What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat ;
 These only with our Law best form a King.

So spake the Son of God ; but Satan now
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd. 365

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught
 By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370
 Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
 What dost thou in this World ? the Wilderness
 For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee, yet remember
 What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause 375
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
 Which wou'd have set thee in short time with ease
 On *David's* Throne, or Throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380
 When Prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
 Now contrary, if I read aught in Heav'n,
 Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
 Voluminous, or single Characters,
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
 Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death ;
 A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
 Real or Allegoric I discern not, 390
 Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
 Without beginning ; for no date perfixt,
 Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.

So saying he took (for still he knew his Pow'r
 Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderness 395
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
 Feigning

Feigning to disappear. Darknes now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
 Her shad'wy off-spring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation meer of light and absent day. 400

Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
 After his aery jaunt, though hurry'd fore,
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades 404

Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
 But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep, and either Tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the Clouds 410

From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
 In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415

On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
 Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst 420

Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
 Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Sat'st unappal'd in calm and sinless peace. 425

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly Spectres which the Fiend had rais'd 430
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

60. PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

And now the Sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or drooping tree ; the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green, 435
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn ;
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
 The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
 Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445
 And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.
 Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood ;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
 After a dismal night ; I heard the rack
 As Earth and Sky would mingle ; but my self
 Was distant ; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
 As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n, 455
 Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone ;
 Yet as being oft times noxious where they light 460
 On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill :
 This Tempest at this Desart most was bent ; 465
 Of

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 61

Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way 470
Of gaining *David's* Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt ;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means : each act is rightiest done, 475
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of *Israel's* Scepter get fast hold ; 480
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus. 485

Me worse than wet thou find'st not ; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none ;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatening nigh, what they can do as signs
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn 490
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee ;
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and wou'dst be thought my God, 495
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie
Me to thy will ; desist, thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd :
 Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born ; 500
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the Prophets ; of thy birth at length
 Announc'd by *Gabriel* with the first I knew,
 And of th' Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field, 505
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born,
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred ;
 Till at the Ford of *Jordan*, whither all 510
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense ;
 The Son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am ; relation stands ;
 All men are Sons of God ; yet thee I thought 520
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild ;
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
 To understand my Adversary, who
 And what he is ; his wisdom, pow'r, intent,
 By parl, or composition, truce, or league
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 63

Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
To th' utmost of meer man both wise and good, 535
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again :
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I must now begin. 540

So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of *Hippogris* bore through the Air sublime
Over the Wilderness and o'er the Plain ;
Till underneath them fair *Jerusalem*,
The holy City lifted high her Tow'rs, 545
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaster, top'd with Golden Spires :
There on the highest Pinnacle he set
The Son of God ; and added thus in scorn : 550

There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill ; I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is best,
Now shew thy Progeny ; if not to stand,
Cast thy self down ; safely if Son of God : 555
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus : Also it is written, 560
Tempt not the Lord thy God ; he said and stood,
But Satan smitten with amazement fell,
As when Earth's Son *Antæus* (to compare
Small things with greatest) in *Irassa* strove

With

64 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book. IV

With *Jove's Alcides*, and oft foil'd still rose 565
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Throttled at length in th'Air, expir'd and fell :
 So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
 Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.
 And as that *Theban* Monster that propos'd
 Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd ;
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight
 Cast her self headlong from th'*Ismenian* steep ; 575
 So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
 And to his crew that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless Triumphals of his hop'd success,
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580
 So Satan fell ; and strait a fiery Globe
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plummy Vans receiv'd him soft
 From his uneasie station, and upbore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe Air, 585
 Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
 Ambrosial fruits, fetcht from the Tree of Life,
 And from the fount of Life Ambrosial drink, 590
 That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
 Or thirst : and as he fed, Angelic Quires
 Sung Heav'nly Anthems of his victory
 Over temptation, and the Tempter proud. 595

True Image of the Father whether thron'd
 In the bosom of blifs, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, enshrin'd

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 65

In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the Wilderness, whatever place, 600
Habit or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with God-like force indu'd
Against th' Attempter of thy Father's Throne,
And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast 605
With all his Army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hath regain'd lost Paradise;
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly blifs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For *Adam* and his chosen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-instal 615
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st 620
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her Gates *Abaddon* rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with aw 625
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine, 630
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail Son of the most High, heir of both Worlds,
Queller

66 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

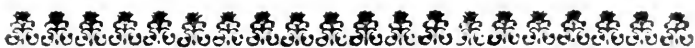
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

635

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heav'nly Feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy ; he unobserv'd
Home to his Mother's house private return'd.

T H E E N D.





Samson Agonistes,

A

Dramatick Poem.

The AUTHOR

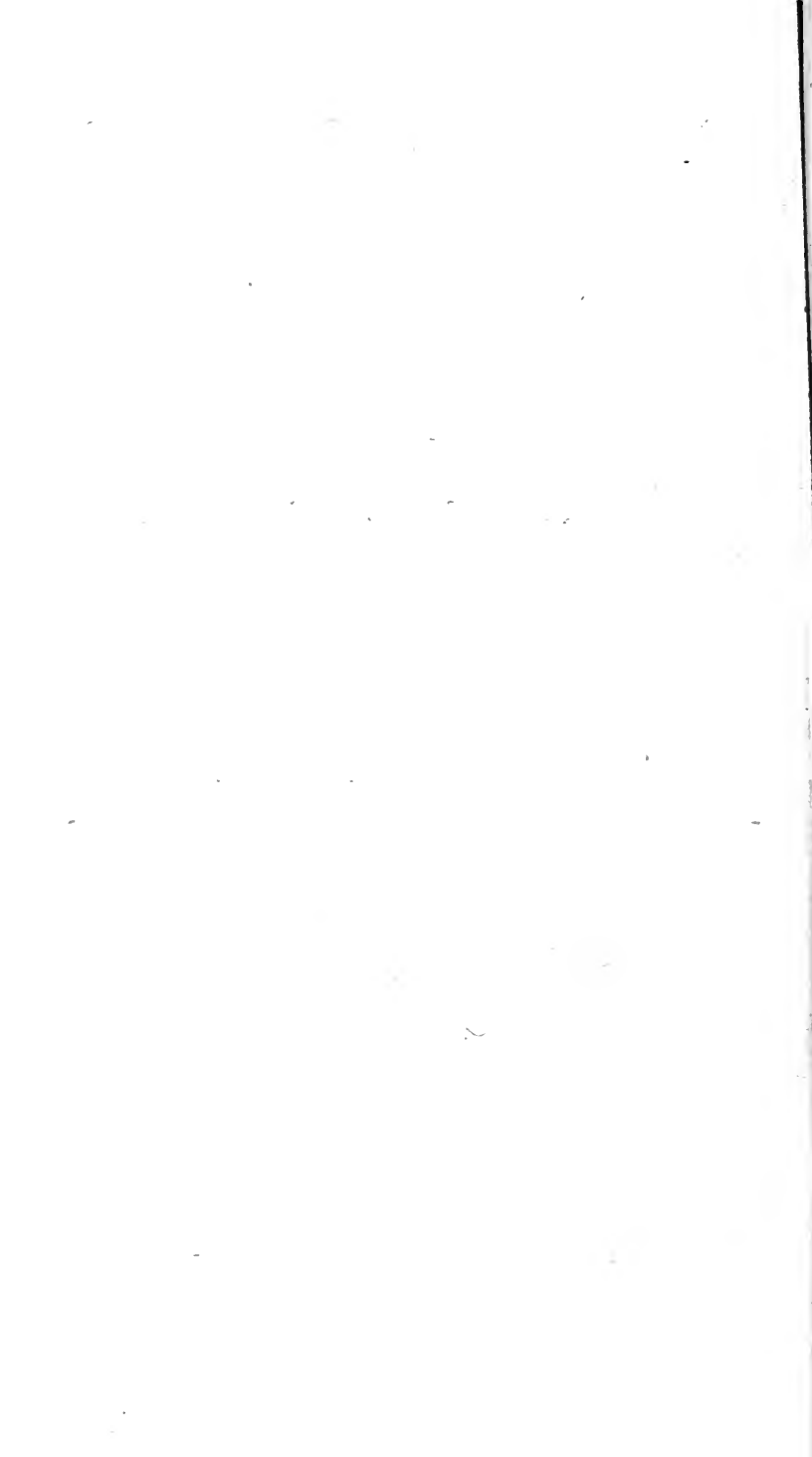
JOHN MILTON.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. Per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.







*Of that sort of Dramatick Poem which
is call'd Tragedy.*

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those Passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in Physick things of melancholick hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sower against sower, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragick Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle *St. Paul* himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, *1 Cor.* 15. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings, and Song between.

between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Augustus Caesar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his Person to write a Tragedy, which is intitl'd, *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comick stuff with Tragick sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us pass'es for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the *Greek* manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Ancients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and Fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd

call'd by the *Greeks Monostrophick*, or rather, *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe* or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Musick, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses, they may be call'd *Alleo-stropha*. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth Act, of the style and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum: they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three Tragick Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.





The Argument.

Samson *made Captive, Blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistines as a day of Thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denial to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time*

time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his Son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.





The Persons.

Samson.

Manoa, *the Father of Samson.*

Dalila *his Wife.*

Harapha *of Gath.*

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus *of Danites.*

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.



Samson Agonistes.

S *Amf.* A little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little farther on ;
 For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil, 5
 Daily in the common Prison else enjoin'd me,
 Where I a Pris'ner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The Air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholsome draught : but here I feel amends,
 The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet, 10
 With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn Feast the people hold
 To *Dagon* their Sea-Idol, and forbid
 Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
 Their Superstition yields me ; hence with leave 15
 Retiring from the pop'lar noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20
 But rush upon me thronging, and present

76 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
 Twice by an Angel; who at last in sight
 Of both my Parents all in flames ascended 25
 From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His God-like presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
 Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task, 35
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
 Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
 Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him 40
 Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke.
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine Prediction: what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but thro' mine own default, 45
 Whom have I to complain of but my self?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the Seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a Woman must reveal it, 50
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,

But

But to subserve where wisdom bears command,
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
 But Peace, I must not quarrel with the will. 60
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know :
 Suffices that to me strength is my baue,
 And proves the source of all my miseries ;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart 64
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among Enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit age !
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct, 70
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd 74
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In pow'r of others, never in my own ;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecov'rably dark, total Eclipse 80
 Without all hope of day !
 O first created beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree? 84
 The Sun to me is dark
 And silent as the Moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life it self, if it be true

78 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

That light is in the Soul,
 She all in ev'ry part; why was the fight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?
 So obvious and so easie to be quench'd, 95
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through ev'ry pore?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
 As in the land of darknes yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
 My self, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of Life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps t'insult,
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; softly a while, 115
 Let us not break in upon him;
 O change beyond report, thought or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish'd head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd, 120
 And by himself given over?
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'er-worn and soil'd;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
 That Heroick, that Renown'd,

125
 Irresistible

SAMSON AGONISTES. 79

Irresistible *Samson*; whom unarm'd [stand?
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
 Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
 Ran on imbattl'd Armies clad in Iron,
 And weaponless himself, 130
 Made Arms ridiculous, useles the forgery
 Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean Proof;
 But safest he who stood aloof, 135
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Ascalonite*
 Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel; 140
 Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flow'r of *Palestin*,
 In *Ramath-lechi* famous to this day; 145
 Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders bore
 The Gates of *Azza*, Post, and massie Bar
 Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, seat of Giants old,
 No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n. 150
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy Bondage or lost Sights,
 Prison within Prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!) 155
 The Dungeon of thy self; thy Soul [plain'd)
 (Which Men enjoying sight oft without cause com-
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light 160

80 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

T' incorporate with gloomy night ;
 For inward light alas
 Puts forth no vifual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle ftate,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd ! 165
 The rarer thy example ftands,
 By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
 Strongeft of mortal men,
 To loweft pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
 For him I reckon not in high eftate, 170
 Whom long descent of birth
 Or the fphere of fortune raifes ;
 But thee whose ftrength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdu'd the Earth,
 Univerfally crown'd with higheft praifes. 175

Samf. I hear the found of words, their fenfe the air
 Diffolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He fpake, let us draw nigh. Matchlefs in might,
 The glory late of *Israel*, now the grief,
 We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown 180
 From *Eftaol* and *Zora's* fruitful Vale
 To vifit or bewail thee, or if better,
 Counfel or confolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy Sores, apt words have pow'r to fwage
 The tumours of a troubled mind, 185
 And are as Balm to fefter'd wounds.

Samf. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
 Bear in their Superfcription (of the moft 190
 I wou'd be underftood) in prosp'rous days
 They swarm, but in adverfe withdraw their head

Not

SAMSON AGONISTES. 81.

Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
 How many evils have enclos'd me round ;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me, 195
 Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwreck'd
 My Vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear, 200
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful Woman ? tell me, Friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool
 In ev'ry street, do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts ? yet why ? 205
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean ;
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal, wisest Men 210
 Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd ;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thy self,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides ;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215
 Why thou shouldst wed *Philistian* Woman rather
 Than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Samf. The first I saw at *Timna*, and she pleas'd :
 Me, not my Parents, that I sought to wed, 220
 The daughter of an Infidel ; they knew not
 That what I mention'd was of God ; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The Marriage on ; that by occasion hence
 I might begin *Israel's* Deliverance, 225

82 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

The work to which I was divinely call'd.
 She proving false, the next I took to Wife
 (O that I never had ! fond with too late,)
 Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,
 That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare. 230
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end ; still watching to oppress
Israel's Oppressors : of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I my self, 234
 Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weaknes !)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The *Philistin*, thy Country's Enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness :
 Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons. 240

Samf. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On *Israel's* Governors, and Heads of Tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their Conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd 245
 Deliv'rance offer'd : I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds, [doer ;
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250
 Their Lords the *Philistins* with gather'd pow'rs
 Enter'd *Judea* seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them what advantag'd best. 255
 Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent
 The harras of their Land beset me round ;
 I willingly on some conditions came

Into

Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey, 260
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds
 Toucht with the flame: on their whole Host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe, 265
 They had by this possess'd the Tow'rs of *Gath*,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve:
 But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love Bondage more than Liberty, 270
 Bondage with ease than strenuous Liberty;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
 As their Deliv'rer; if he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
 Their great Deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless *Gideon* in pursuit 280
 Of *Madian* and her vanquisht Kings:
 And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
 Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
 Not worse than by his shield and spear
 Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*, 285
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
 In that sore battel, when so many dy'd
 Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
 For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

Samsf. Of such examples add me to the roll, 290
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's propos'd deliverance not so. *Chor.*

84 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to Men ;
 Unless there be who think not God at all, 295
 If any be, they walk obscure ;
 For of such Doctrine never was there School,
 But the heart of the Fool,
 And no man therein Doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,
 Then give the reins to wandring thought,
 Regardless of his Glory's diminution ;
 Till by their own perplexities involv'd
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd, 305
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,
 And tie him to his own prescript,
 Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,
 And hath full right t'exempt 310
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From National obstriction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt ;
 For with his own Laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means, 315
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
 To set his people free,
 Have prompted this Heroick *Nazarite*
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride, 320
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasoning down,
 Though Reason here aver
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his. 325

But see here comes thy rev'rend Sire
 With careful step, Locks white as down,
 Old *Manoah* : advise
 Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

Samf. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd 330
 With mention of that name renews th' assault.

Man. Brethren and men of *Dan*, for such ye seem,
 Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,
 As I suppose, toward your once glory'd friend,
 My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd 335
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
 Came lagging after ; say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
 As earst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change ! is this the man, 340
 That invincible *Samson*, far renown'd
 The dread of *Israel's* foes, who with a strength
 Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
 None offering fight ; who single combatant
 Duell'd their Armies rank'd in proud array, 345
 Himself an Army, now unequal match
 To save himself against a coward arm'd
 At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
 In mortal strength ! and oh what not in man
 Deceivable and vain ? Nay, what thing good 350
 Pray'd

86 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
 I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness
 In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
 Such a Son as all men hail'd me happy;
 Who would be now a Father in my stead? 355
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest Pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
 As Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind? 360
 For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
 Select and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men; then in an hour
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365
 Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor and Blind,
 Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?
 Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it for honours sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father,
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly; I my self have brought them on, 375
 Sole Author, I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A *Canaanite*, my faithless enemy: 380
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpriz'd
 But warn'd by oft experience; did not she
 Of *Timna* first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height

SAMSON AGONISTES. 87

Of Nuptial love profess, carrying it streight 385
To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
And Rivals? In this other was there found
More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
Spouſal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
Though offer'd only, by the ſcent conceiv'd 390
Her ſpurious firſt-born, Treason againſt me?
Thrice ſhe aſſay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and ſighs,
And amorous reproaches to win from me
My capital ſecret, in what part my ſtrength
Lay ſtor'd, in what part ſumm'd, that ſhe might know:
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to ſport 396
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpoſ'd to betray me, and (which was worſe
Than undiſſembled hate) with what contempt 400
She thought to make me Traitor to my ſelf;
Yet the fourth time, when muſtring all her wiles,
With blandiſht parleys, feminine aſſaults,
Tongue-batteries, ſhe ſurceas'd not day nor night
To ſtorm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out. 405
At times when men ſeek moſt reſoſe and reſt,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well reſolv'd
Might eaſily have ſhook off all her ſnares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd 410
Her bond-ſlave; O indignity, O blot
To Honour and Religion! ſervile mind
Rewarded well with ſervile puniſhment!
The baſe degree to which I now am fall'n.
Theſe rags, this grinding, is not yet ſo baſe 415
As was my former ſervitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True ſlavery, and that blindneſs worſe than this,
That ſaw not how degen'rately I ſerv'd.

Man. I cannot praise thy Marriage choices, Son, 421
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infest our Foes.
 I state not that; this I am sure, our Foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425
 Their Captive, and their Triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'st 430
 Enough, and more the burthen of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
 This day the *Philistins* a pop'lar Feast
 Here celebrate in *Gaza*; and proclaim 435
 Great Pomp and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
 To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd.
 Thee, *Samson*, bound and blind into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So *Dagon* shall be magnify'd, and God, 440
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
 Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 By the Idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 445
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy Father's house.

Samf. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high 450
 Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
 Dis-

Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
 Of Idolists, and Atheists; have brought scandal
 To *Israel*, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before 455
 To waver, or fall off and join with Idols;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
 The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
 With me hath end; all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and *Dagon*; *Dagon* hath presum'd,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His Deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of *Abraham*. He, be sure, 465
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
 But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted Trophies won on me, 470
 And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
 I as a Prophecy receive; for God, [words
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his Name 475
 Against all competition, nor will long
 Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
 Or *Dagon*. But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
 Lye in this miserable loathsom plight 480
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some *Philistian* Lords with whom to treat
 About thy ransom: well they may by this
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge

90 SAMSON AGONISTES.

By pains and flav'ries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee who now no more canst do them harm. 486

Samsf. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that sollicitation ; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495
The mark of fool set on his front ? But I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully : A Sin
That *Gentiles* in their Parables condemn 500
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son ;
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ; 505
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thy self : perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;
Who ever more approves and more accepts 510
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chuses death as due ;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offence, more than for God offended. 515
Reject not then what offer'd means, who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee

SAMSON AGONISTES. 91

Home to thy country and his Sacred house,
 Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert
 His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd ? 520

Sams. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it ? when in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits, 525
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of Acts indeed heroick, far beyond
 The Sons of *Anack*, famous now and blaz'd,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God
 I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life ;
 At length to lay my head and hollow pledge 535
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful Concubine, who shor'd me
 Like a tame Weither, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing Ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the smell,
 Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods or Men, 545
 Allure thee from the cool CrySTALLINE stream.

Sams. Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,
 With touch ætherial of Heav'n's fiery rod,

92 SAMSON AGONISTES.

I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
Thirst, and refresht; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty Champion, strong above compare, 556
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Samf. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not compleat
Against another object more enticing ?
What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560
And at another to let in the Foe
Effeminately vanquish'd ? by which means,
Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My Nation, and the work from Heaven impos'd, 565
But to sit idle on the Household hearth,
A burd'nous drone ; to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
Vain monument of strength ; till length of years 570
And sedentary numness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old Age obscure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft invocated death 575
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve *Philistians* with that gift
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them ?
Better at home lye bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580
But God who caus'd a Fountain at thy pray'r

From

From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t'allay
 After the brunt of Battel, can as easie
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; 585
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength
 Mirac'lous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for naught,
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Samf. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend, 590
 That these dark Orbs no more shall treat with light,
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :
 So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems 595
 In all her functions weary of her self ;
 My race of Glory run, and race of Shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humours black, 600
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however
 Must not omit a Father's timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom, or how else : mean while be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

Samf. O that torment should not be confin'd
 To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast and reins ;
 But must secret passage find 610
 To th' inmost mind,
 These exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,

94 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

As on entrails, joints and limbs
 With answerable pains, but more intense,
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
 As a lingring disease,
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
 Rankle, and fester, and gangreen,
 To black mortification.

Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of vernal Air from snowy *Alp.*
 Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
 To death's benumbing Opium as my only cure, 630
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 And sense of Heav'ns desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
 His destin'd from the womb,
 Promis'd by Heav'nly message twice descending. 635
 Under his special eye
 Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain ;
 He led me on to mightiest deeds
 Above the nerve of mortal arm
 Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies : 640
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
 Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
 Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 95

Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless ;
This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the Sayings of the Wise
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude ;
And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
All chances incident to man's frail life :
Consolatories writ
With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
But to th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our Fathers, what is man !
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course, 670
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' Angelick orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandring loose about, 675
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
Heads without name no more remembred,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,

96 SAMSON AGONISTES.

To some great work, thy glory, 680
 And peoples safety, which in part they effect :
 Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
 Amidst their height of noon,
 Changeſt thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
 Of highest favours paſt 685
 From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.

Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
 To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
 But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them high,
 Unſeemly falls in human eye, 690
 Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion,
 Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
 Of heathen and prophane, their carcaſſes
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd :
 Or to th'unjuſt tribunals, under change of times, 695
 And condemnation of th'ingrateful multitude.
 If theſe they 'ſcape, perhaps in poverty
 With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
 Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
 In crude old age : 700
 Though not diſordinate, yet cauſeleſs ſuffring
 The puniſhment of diſſolute days, in fine,
 Juſt or unjuſt, alike ſeem miſerable,
 For oft alike, both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
 The Image of thy ſtrength and mighty Miniſter. 706
 What do I beg ? how haſt thou dealt already ?
 Behold him in his ſtate calamitous, and turn
 His labours, for thou canſt, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land ? 710
 Female of ſex it ſeems,

That

SAMSON AGONISTES. 97

That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way failing
 Like a stately Ship
 Of *Tarsus*, bound for th' Isles 715
 Of *Javan* or *Gadier*,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An Amber scent of odorous perfume 720
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ;
 Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem,
 And now at nearer view, no other certain
 Than *Dalila* thy Wife. 724

Samf. My Wife, my Trayt'refs, let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd.
 About t'have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,
 Like a fair flow'r furcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
 And words address'd seem tears dissolv'd,
 Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil : 730
 But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samson*,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge ; yet if tears 735
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event that I foresaw)
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt 740
 Hath led me on desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To light'n what thou suffer'st, and appease

98 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r, 745
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Samsf. Out, out *Hyana* ; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconcilment move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try,
 Her Husband, how far urg'd his patience bears, 755
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail :
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgressor, and again submits ;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,
 With goodness principl'd not to reject 760
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangl'd with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to Ages an example. 765

Dal. Yet hear me, *Samson* ; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By it self, with aggravations not furcharg'd,
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them, both common female faults :

SAMSON AGONISTES. 99.

Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is, for naught,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety? 780
 To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not ;
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty :
 Ere I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parl, 785
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, than in thy self was found.
 And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate, 79
 The jealousy of Love, powerful of sway,
 In human hearts, not less in mine tow'rs thee,
 Caus'd what I did ? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wou'dst leave me
 As her at *Timna*, sought by all means therefore 795
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest :
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my pow'r
 Thy key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd ? I was assur'd by those 800
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold :
 That made for me, I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprizes,
 While I at home sate full of cares and fears, 805
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed ;
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and Love's pris'ner, not the *Philistins*,
 Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
 These reasons in Love's law have pass'd for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ;

100 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd :
 Be not unlike all others, not austere 815
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Samf. How cunningly the Sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ? 820
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
 By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, th' example ;
 I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,
 I to my self was false ere thou to me :
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825
 Take to thy wicked deeds, which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,
 What Murtherer, what Traitor, Parricide,
 Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it ?
 All wickedness is weakness : that plea therefore
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission. 835
 But Love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust : Love seeks to have Love ;
 My love how cou'dst thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexorable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ? 840
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 For by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845
 What

What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of Men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
 It was not Gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me : thou know'st the Magistrates
 And Princes of my Country came in person, 851
 Solicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty
 And of Religion, press'd how just it was
 How honourable, how glorious to entrap 855
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such Numbers of our Nation : and the Priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious 860
 Dishonourer of *Dagon* : what had I
 T'oppose against such pow'rful Arguments ?
 Only my love of thee held long debate ;
 And combated in silence all their reasons
 With hard contest : at length that grounded maxim,
 So rise and celebrated in the mouths 866
 Of wisest men ; that to the publick good
 Private respects must yield ; with grave authority
 Took full possession of me, and prevail'd ;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoining. 870

Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end ;
 In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it wou'd have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875
 I before all the daughters of my Tribe
 And of my Nation chose thee from among
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,

Not out of levity, but over-powr'd 880
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy Husband ?
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profest :
 Being once a Wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
 Parents and country ; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own ;
 Thou mine, not theirs : if aught against my life
 Thy Country sought of thee, it sought unjustly.
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
 No more thy Country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our Country is a name so dear ;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee : 895
 To please thy Gods thou didst it ; Gods unable
 T' acquit themselves and prosecute their Foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own Deity, Gods they cannot be ;
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd. 900
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear ?

Dal. In argument with Men a Woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Samf. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
 Witness when I was worried with thy peels. 906

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, *Samson*,
 Afford me place to shew what recompence 910
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdona,

Mis-

Misguided ; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 T' afflict thy self in vain : though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 915
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestick ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, t' abide
 With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age 925
 With all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

Samf. No, no, of my condition take no care;
 It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain ;
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst 930
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught : I know thy trains,
 Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toils ;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd ; 935
 So much of Adders wisdom I have learnt
 To fence my ear against thy Sorceries.
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me.
 Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me ; 940
 How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected? How would'st thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will 945

In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
 This Gaol I count the House of Liberty
 To thine, whose Doors my feet shall never enter. 950

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Samsf. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
 Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works 955
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious Women, faithful Wives:
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of Matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960
 To pray'rs than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
 Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd.
 Why do I humble thus my self, and suing 965
 For Peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970
 Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd 975
 In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,

With

With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd.
 But in my country where I most desire, 980
 In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Afdod*, and in *Gath*
 I shall be nam'd among the famousst
 Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose 985
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flow'rs,
 Not less renown'd than in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote *Sisera* sleeping through the Temples nail'd. 990
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The publick marks of honour and reward
 Confer'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shewn.
 At this whoever envies or repines, 995
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own:

Chor. She's gone; a manifest Serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sams. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecie, my safety and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange pow'r;
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily 1005
 Repulst, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

106 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Samf. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit, 1010
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That Woman's love can win or long inherit ;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever Men refer it) 1015
Much like thy riddle, *Samson*, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the *Timnian* bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy Paranymp, worthles to thee compar'd, 1020
Successor in thy Bed,
Nor both so loosely disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal Harvest of thy Head :
Is it for that such outward ornament 1025
Was lavish'd on their Sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
Or value what is best
In choice, but otest to affect the wrong ? 1030
Or was too much of self-love mixt,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest Men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin Veil, 1035
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a Thorn
Intestine, war within defensive arms

A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
 Draws him awry enslav'd
 With dotage, and his sense depriv'd
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Embarq'd with such a Steers-mate at the Helm? 1045

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
 One virtuous rarely found,
 That in domestick good combines :
 Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth :
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition, 1050
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal Law
 Gave to the Man despotick power
 Over his Female in due awe, 1055
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lowre :
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060
 But had we best retire, I see a storm?

Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sams. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honied words ; a rougher tongue 1066
 Draws

108 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look
 Haughty as is pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
 I less conjecture than when first I saw 1071
 The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way :
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samf. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Har. I come not, *Samson*, to condole thy chance
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
 Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd
 As *Og* or *Anak* and the *Emims* old 1080
 That *Kariathaim* held, thou know'st me now
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place 1085
 Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
 Each other's force in camp or lifted field :
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

Samf. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Gieves and the Mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the Field where thou art fam'd
 To have wrought such wonders with an *Afs's* Jaw ;
 I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms, 1096
Or

Or left thy carcass where the Afs lay thrown :
 So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
 To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistin*
 From the unfore-skin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour 1101
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Samsf. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
 What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand. 1105

Har. To combat with a blind Man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Samsf. Such usage as your honourable Lords
 Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs 1110
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
 Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes
 Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
 Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me. 1115
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place enclos'd, where fight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me ;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
 And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon, 1120
 Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, and thy Spear
 A Weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield ;
 I only with an Oak'n-staff will meet thee,
 And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
 Which long shall not with-hold me from thy head, 1125
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thy self at *Gath* to boast

Again

110 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To *Samson*, but shalt never see *Gath* more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
Which greatest Heroes have in battle worn, 1131
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some Magician's Art [Heav'n
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
Feign'dst at thy Birth was giv'n thee in thy Hair, 1135
Where strength can least abide, though all thy Hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruff'd Procupines.

Sam. I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts ;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unhorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy god, 1145
Go to his Temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these Magick spells,
Which I to be the power of *Israel's* God 1150
Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the test,
Offering to combat thee his Champion bold,
With th'utmost of his Godhead seconded :
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine. 1155

Har. Presume not on thy God, what ere he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them

SAMSON AGONISTES. III

To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee 1160
Into the common Prison, there to grind
Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword 1165
Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd.

Samsf. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175
By combat to decide whose God is God,
Thine or whom I with *Israel's* Sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber. 1180

Samsf. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove me
[these ?

Har. Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords ?
Their Magistrates confest it, when they took thee
As a League-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed 1185
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm,
Then like a Robber strip'dst them of their robes ?
The *Philistins*, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went

112 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Went up with armed pow'rs thee only seeking, 1190
To others did no violence nor spoil.

Samsf. Among the Daughters of the *Philistins*
I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe ;
And in your City held my Nuptial Feast :
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords, 1195
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty Spies,
Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the Bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My Nation was subjected to your Lords ; 1205
It was the force of Conquest ; force with force
Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can,
But I a private person, whom my Country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single Rebellion, and did hostile Acts. 1210
I was no private but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
To free my Country ; if their servile minds
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their Masters gave me up for naught, 1215
Th' unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not disabl'd me, not all your force :
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellat 1220
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprife of small enforce.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 113

Hor. With thee, a man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,
Due by the Law to capital punishment ? 1225
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Samf. Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict ?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd ;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

Ham. O *Baal-zebub* ! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death ?

Samf. No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Samf. Go baffl'd coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down 1240
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Har. By *Astaroth* ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides 1245
And lower looks, but in a sultrier chafe.

Samf. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
Though fame divulg'd him Father of five Sons,
All of Gigantick size, *Goliath* chief.

Chor.

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear, 1250
 And with malicious counsel stir them up
 Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

Samf. He must alledg^e some cause, and offer'd fight
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept the offer or not, 1255
 And that he durst not plain enough appear'd :
 Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain ;
 If they intend advantage of my labours
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
 With no small profit daily to my owners. 1261
 But come what will, my deadliest Foe will prove
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
 The worst that he can give, to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the Spirits of just men long oppress'd !
 When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannick power, but raging to pursue 1275
 The righteous and all such as honour Truth ;
 He all their Ammunition
 And feats of War defeats,
 With plain Heroick magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd, 1280
 Their Armories and Magazins contemns,

Renders

Renders them uselefs, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpriz'd 1285
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own Deliverer,
 And Victor over all 1290
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endu'd
 Above the Sons of men ; but fight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with those 1295
 Whom Patience finally must crown.
 This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind, 1300
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A Scepter or quaint Staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look ;
 By his habit I discern him now 1305
 A Publick Officer, and now at hand,
 His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the Pris'ner *Samson* here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say ;
 This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast, 1311
 With

116 SAMSON AGONISTES.

With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp and Games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human race,
And now some publick proof thereof require
To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly: 1315
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
To appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.

Samf. Thou know'st I am an *Hebrew*, therefore tell
Our Law forbids at their Religious Rites [them,
My presence; for that cause I cannot come. 1321

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Samf. Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry sort
Of Gymnick Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
Juglers and Dancers, Anticks, Mummers, Mimers, 1325
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their publick Mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more, 1330
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thy self, this will offend them highly.

Samf. My self? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To shew them feats, and play before their god, 1340
The

SAMSON AGONISTES. 117

The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay : is this thy resolution ? 1344

Samf. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sam. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, *Samson* ; matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break ;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame ?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samf. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to Idols ?
A *Nazarite* in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their *Dagon* ! 1360
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane ?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Philistins*,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samf. Not in their Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food 1366
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor.

116 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Ch. Where the heart joins not, outw'rd acts defile not.

Samf. Where outward force constrains, the sentence
 But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*, [holds,
 Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command. 1371
 Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
 I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
 God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
 Set God behind: which in his jealousy 1375
 Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
 Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
 Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
 For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Samf. Be of good courage, I begin to feel 1381
 Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.
 I with this Messenger will go along,
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour 1385
 Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*.
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,
 This day will be remarkable in my life
 By some great act, or of my days the last. 1389

Chor. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our Lords
 To thee I am bid say. Art thou our Slave,
 Our Captive, at the publick Mill our drudge,
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395
 Or we shall find such Engines to assail

And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou art firmlier fastn'd than a Rock.

Samf. I could be well content to try their Art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many, 1401
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.
Masters commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection : 1405
And for a life who will not change his purpose ?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off. I praise thy resolution, doff these links : 1410
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Samf. Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with Friends ; and how the sight 1415
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not : Lords are Lordliest in their wine ;
And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd : 1420
No less the People on their Holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable,
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation or my self, 1425
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

120 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
 Of *Israel* be thy guide
 To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
 Great among the Heathen round ; 1430
 Send the Angel of thy Birth to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy Father's field
 Rode up in flames after his message told
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire ; that Spirit that first rusht on thee 1435
 In the Camp of *Dan*
 Be efficacious in thee now at need.
 For never was from Heaven imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen. 1440
 But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in such haste
 With youthful steps ? much livelier than ere while
 He seems : supposing here to find his Son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news ? 1444

Man. Peace with you, Brethren ; my inducement hi-
 Was not at present here to find my Son, [ther
 By order of the Lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at their Feast.
 I heard all as I came, the City rings
 And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450
 Left I should see him forc'd to things unseemly :
 But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
 To give you part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoyce us to partake
 With thee ; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear. 1456

Man.

Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,
 With supplication prone and Fathers tears,
 T' accept of ransom for my Son their pris'ner. 1460
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;
 That part most reverenc'd *Dagon* and his priests.
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
 Private reward, for which both God and State 1465
 They easily would set to sale ; a third
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd
 They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
 The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
 If some convenient ransom was propos'd.
 What noise or shout was that ? it tore the Skie.

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
 Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown. 1475

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid
 And number'd down : much rather I shall chuse
 To live the poorest in my Tribe, than richest,
 And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
 No, I am fixt not to part hence without him ;
 For his redemption all my Patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forgo
 And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,
 Thou for thy Son are bent to lay out all ; 1485
 Sons wont to nurse their Parents in old age,

Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490
And view him sitting in the house, ennobl'd
With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd :
And I persuade me God hath not permitted 1495
His strength again to grow up with his hair
Garison'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him farther yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and---O what noise !
Mercy of Heav'n what hideous noise was that !
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd !
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point. 1514

Man. Of ruin indeed me-thought I heard the noise.
Oh it continues, they have slain my Son !

Chor.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 123

Chor. Thy Son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one Foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be ;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see ? 1520

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth,
This evil on the *Philistins* is fall'n,
From whom could else a general cry be heard :
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here, 1525
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-sight (for to *Israel's* God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ? 1530

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

Man. He can I know, but doubt to think he will ;
Yet hope would fain subscribe and tempts belief, 1535
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An *Hebrew*, as I guess, and of our Tribe. 1540

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way flee
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,

124 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold?
 For dire imagination still pursues me.
 But Providence or instinct of nature seems, 1545
 Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted
 To have guided me aright, I know not how,
 To thee first reverend *Manoa*, and to these
 My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
 As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550
 So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and heard before thee
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
 No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
 And sense distract, to know well what I utter. 1556

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. *Gaza* yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
 All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to *Israelites* not saddest
 The desolation of a hostile City. 1561

Mess. Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom. *Mess.* By *Samson*. *Man.* That
 [still lessens
 The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah *Manoa*, I refrain, too suddenly 1565
 To utter what will come at last too soon;

Lest

SAMSON AGONISTES. 125

Left evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep,

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess. Then take the worst in brief, *Samson* is dead. 1570

Man. The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence ! but death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Deliv'ry, which now proves 1575
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging reer of winter's frost.
Yet ere I give the the reins to grief, say first,
How dy'd he ? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he ? 1580
What glorious hand gave *Samson* his death's wound ?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then or how ? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence ? what cause 1585
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his Foes ?

Mess. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroyed ;
The Edifice where all were met to see him, 1590
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thy self!
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
 More than enough we know; but while things yet
 Are in confusion, give us if thou canst, 1595
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
 Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this City,
 And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,
 The Morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd 1600
 Through each high street: little had I dispatch'd,
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded 1605
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.
 The building was a spacious Theatre
 Half-round, on two main Pillars vaulted high,
 With seats where all the Lords and each degree
 Of fort, might sit in order to behold; 1610
 The other side was op'n, where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds, under Skie might stand;
 I among those aloof obscurely stood.
 The Feast and Noon grew high, and Sacrifice
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
 When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately 1616
 Was *Samson* as a publick servant brought,
 In their state Livery clad; before him Pipes
 And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot before him and behind, 1620
 Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.
 At sight of him the people with a shout
 Risted the Air, clamouring their god with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He

SAMSON AGONISTES. 127

He patient but undaunted where they led him, 1625
 Came to the place, and what was set before him
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, and break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible, stupendious force,
 None daring to appear Antagonist. 1630
 At length for intermission sake they led him
 Between the Pillars; he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massie Pillars, 1635
 That to the arched roof gave main support.
 He unsuspecting led him; which when *Samson*
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
 And eyes fast fixt he stood as one who pray'd;
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd. 1640
 At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
 Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd.
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
 Nor without wonder or delight beheld:
 Now of my own accord such other tryal 1645
 I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars 1650
 With horrible confusion to and fro,
 He tugg'd, he took, till down they came and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors, or Priests, 1655
 Their choice Nobility and Flower, not only
 Of this but each *Philistian* City round
 Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.

128 *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

Samson with these immixt, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself; 1660
 The volgar only scap'd who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To *Israel*, and now ly'ft victorious 1665
 Among thy slain self-kill'd
 Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold,
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before. 1670

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,
 And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
 Chaunting their Idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells 1675
 In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary :
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer. 1680
 They only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importun'd
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men
 Fall'n into wrath divine, 1685
 As their own ruin on themselves t'invite,
 Infensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor.

Semichor. But he though blind of sight,
 Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite, 1690
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue rous'd
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as ev'ning Dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roofs, 1695
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatick Fowl ; but as an Eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads,
 So virtue giv'n for lost,
 Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd, 1700
 Like that self-begott'n Bird
 In the *Arabian* woods embost,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay ere while a Holocaust,
 From out her ashie womb now teem'd, 1705
 Revives, reffourishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular Bird ages of lives. 1709

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause ; *Samson* hath quit himself
 Like *Samson*, and heroickly hath finish'd
 A life Heroick, on his Enemies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the Sons of *Chaptor* 1715
 Through all *Philistian* bounds : To *Israel*
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;
 To himself and Father's house eternal fame :
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this 1720

With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
 But favouring and assisting to the end.
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breasts, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair, 1725
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the Body where it lies
 Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clodded gore. I with what speed the while 1730
 (*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will fend for all my kindred, all my friends
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequie and funeral train
 Home to his father's house : there will I build him 1735
 A Monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of Laurel ever-green, and branching Palm,
 With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
 In copious Legend, or sweet Lyrick Song.
 Thither shall all the valiant Youth resort, 1740
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valour, and adventures high :
 The Virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice, 1745
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close. 1750
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns,
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place

Bore

SAMSON AGONISTES. 131

Bore witness gloriously ; whence *Gaza* mourns,
And all that band them to resist 1755.
His uncontrollable intent,
His servant he with new acquit
Of true experience from this great event.
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind all passion spent. 1760.

T H E E N D.





1870

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LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.



YE T once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-fear,
 I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not stote upon his watry bier

136 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat louder sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,
Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old *Damætas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazel Copfes green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to their soft layes,

As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
 Or Taint-worm to the weaning Herds that graze,
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
 When first the White-Thorn blows ;
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd *Lycidas* ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream :
 Ah me, I fondly dream !
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
 The Muse her self, for her enchanting son
 Whom Universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore.

Alas ! What boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of *Neera's* hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phæbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears ;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove* ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed:

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd froud,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea
 That came in *Neptune's* plea,
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Felon Winds
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle Swain ?
 And question'd every gust of rugged winds
 That blows from off each beaked Promontory :
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine,
 Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah ; who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?
 Last came, and last did go
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
 Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,

(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake ;
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold ?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams ; Return *Sicilian* Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the mild whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freak; with jeat,

The glowing Violet,
 The Musk-rose, and the well-attir'd Woodbine,
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ah me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
 For *Lycidas*, your sorrow, is not dead ;
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love,
 There entertain him all the Saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet Societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay :
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Western Bay :
At last he rose, and twich'd his Mantle blew ;
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.



L' Allegro.



HENCE loathed Melancholy
Of *Cerberus*, and blackest-midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings ;

There

142 *Poems on several Occasions.*

There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,

In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphrosine*,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two Sister Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore ;
Or whether (as some Sages sing)
The frolick Wind that breaths the Spring,
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of Violets blue,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckfom, blith, and debonnair.
Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,

From

From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.

While the Cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darknes thin;
And to the stack, or the Barn-dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of some Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in Flames, and Amber light,
The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight.

While the Plow-man near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sith,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures;
Russet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring Clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.

144. *Poems on several Occasions.*

Towers and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier Season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunshine Holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the spicy nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat;
She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend:

And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
 And Crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies, whose bright Eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful Poets dream
 On Summer Eyes by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
 If *Johnson's* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear*, fancy's child,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wild,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running ?
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony :

That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a Bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



Il Penseroso.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys ;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the Sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight ;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O'er-laid with black staid Wisdom's hue.
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince *Memnon*'s Sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore
 To solitary *Saturn* bore ;
 His daughter she (in *Saturn*'s reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida*'s inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And sable stole of *Cypress* Lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With ev'n step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thy self to Marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Ay round about *Jove*'s Altar sing.
 And add to these retired Leasure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure ;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hift along,
 'Lefs *Philomel* will deign a Song,
 In her sweeteft, faddeft plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd Oke ;
 Sweet Bird that fhunn'ft the noife of folly,
 Moft musical, moft melancholy !
 Thee Chauntrefs of the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy Even-Song ;
 And miffing thee, I walk unfeen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding near her higheft noon,
 Like one that had been led aftray
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathlefs way ;
 And oft as if her head ſhe bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rifing ground,
 I hear the far-off *Curfeu* found,
 Over ſome wide-water'd ſhoar,
 Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar ;
 Or if the Air will not permit,
 Some ſtill removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all refort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Belman's drowfie charm,
 To blefs the doors from nightly harm :
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be feen in ſome high lonely Tow'r,

Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unspear
The spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal Mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those *Demons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,
Presenting *Thebes*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise *Museus* from his bower,
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Horse of Brass,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride ;
And if ought else, great *Bards* beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung ;
Of Forests, and Inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,

150 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherche't in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rusling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oak,
Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gairish eye,
While the Bee with honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I awake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillar massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voiced Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy Gown and mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will choose to live.



A R C A D E S.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the seat of State, with this Song.

I. S O N G.

L O O K Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of Majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry,
 Too divine to be mistook :

This, this is she

To whom our vows and wishes bend,
 Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
 We may justly now accuse

Of detraction from her praise ;

Less than half we find express,

Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,

In circle round her shining throne,

Shooting her beams like silver threds :

This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,

In the center of her light.

Might she the wife *Latona* be,
 Or the towred *Cybele*,
 Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dares not give her odds.
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A Deity so unparallel'd?

*As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears,
 and turning toward them, speaks.*

Gen. **S**Tay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
 Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret sluice;
 Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*;
 And ye the breathing *Roses* of the Wood,
 Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion ment
 To the great Mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity;
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold
 What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
 For know by lot from *Jove* I am the pow'r
 Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,
 To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove:
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
 Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill,
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,

Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
 Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless :
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,
 And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear ;
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds : yet as we go,
 What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hem.

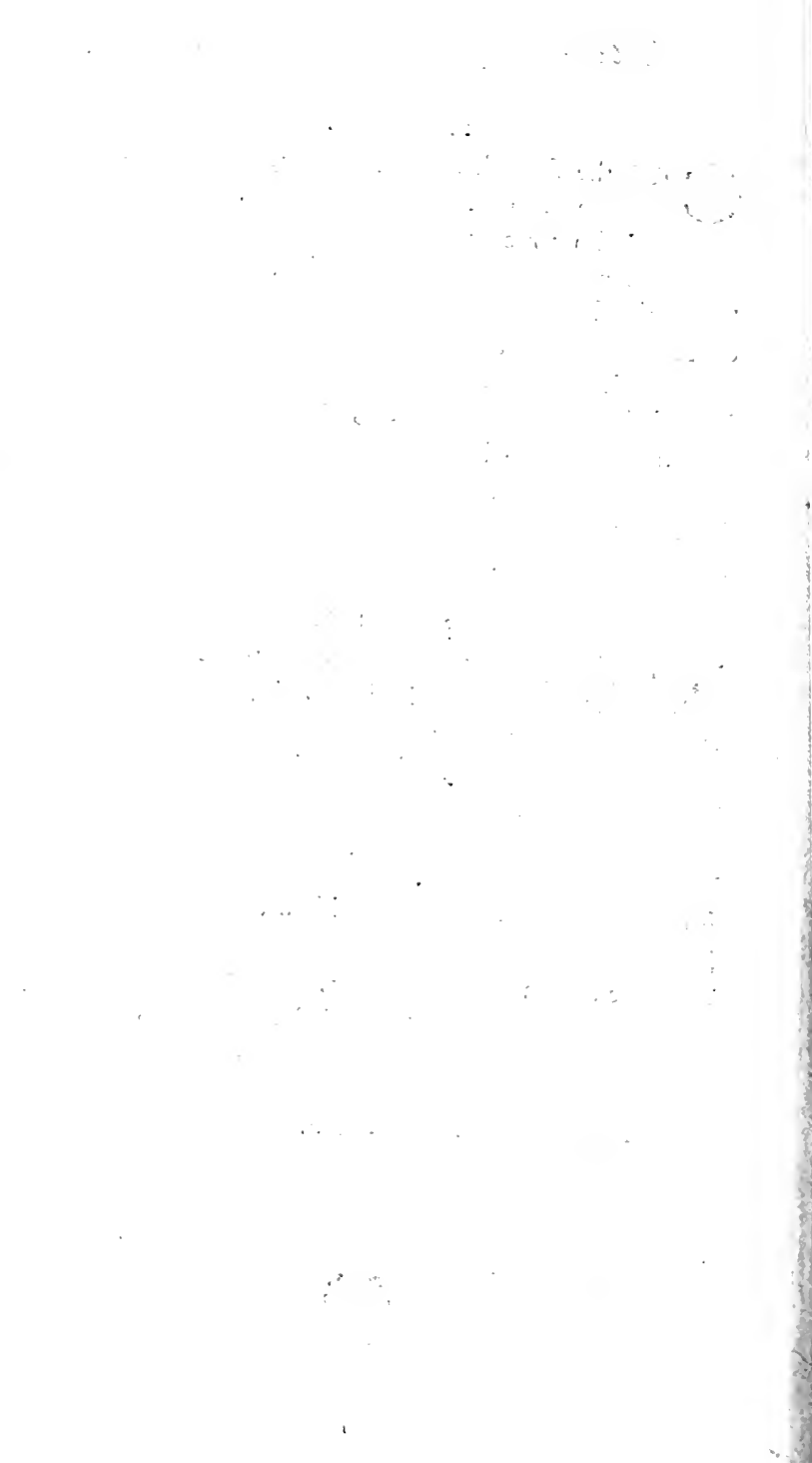
2. S O N G.

OR E the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string.
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching Elm Star-proof.
 Follow me,
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her Deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3. S O N G.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
 By sandy *Ladon's* Lillied banks.
 On old *Lycaeus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
 Trip no more in twilight ranks,
 Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
 A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
 From the stony *Menalus*,
 Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the Lady of this place.
 Though *Syrinx* your *Pan's* Mistress were,
 Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
 Such a rural Queen
 All *Arcadia* hath not seen.







A

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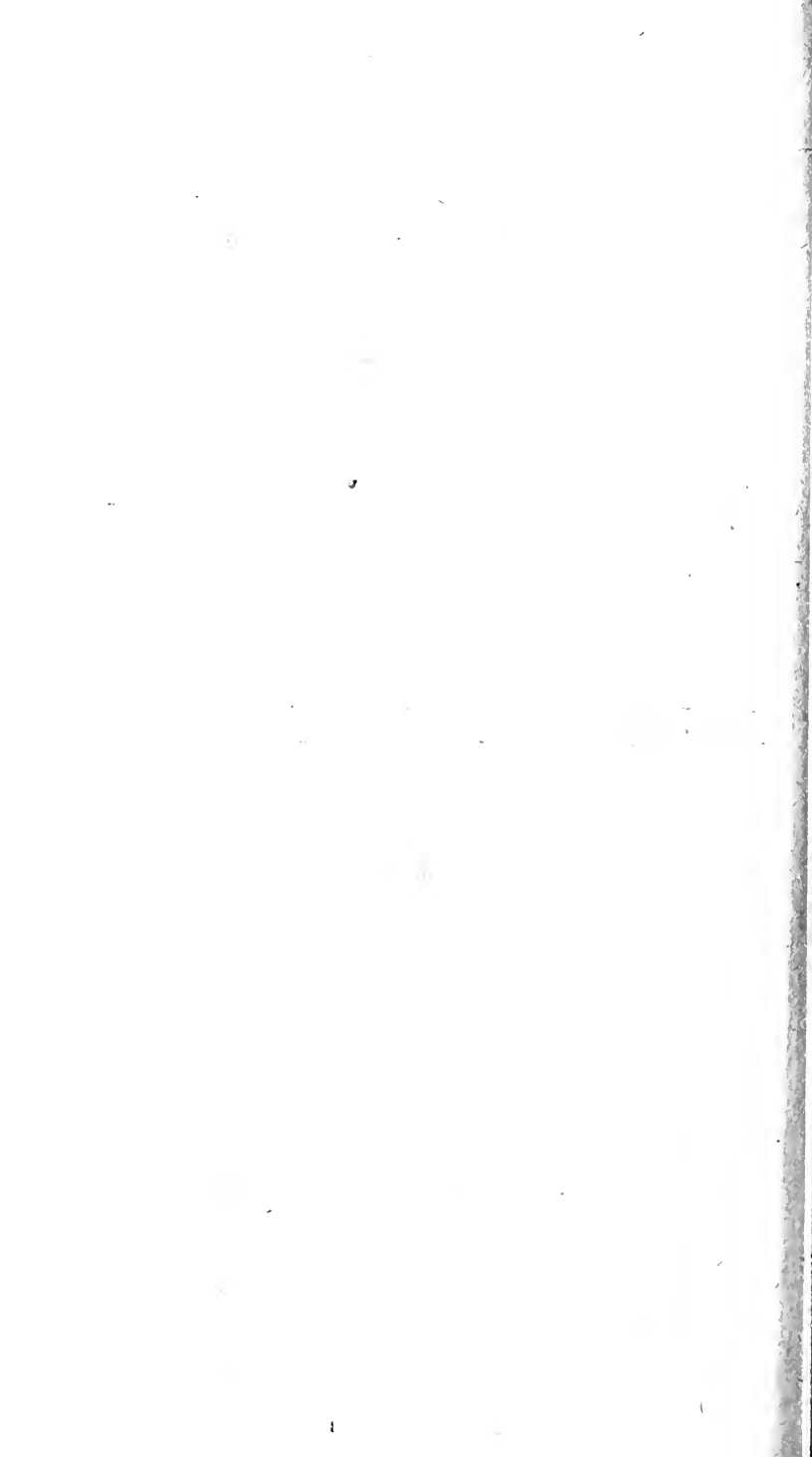
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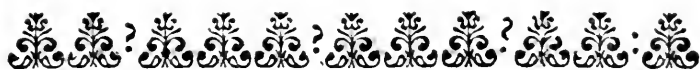
At *LUDLOW-CASTLE*,
1634.

BEFORE

The Earl of BRIDGEWATER, then
President of WALES.







The Copy of a Letter written by
 Sir HENRY WOOTTON, to the
 Author, upon the following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of *April*, 1638.

S I R,



I was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught, (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kind Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain *Dorique* delicacy in your Songs
 and,

and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the work it self I had view'd some good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal; according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader *Con la bocca dolce*.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of Discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled, save this only man that escap'd by foresight of the
Tempest:

Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; Into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (says he) I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole World: Of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

P O S T S C R I P T.

S I R,

I Have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having my self through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.



The Persons.

The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

Comus with his crew.

The Lady.

1 *Brother.*

2 *Brother.*

Sabrina the Nymph.

The chief Persons who presented, were,

The Lord Bracly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother.

The Lady Alice Egerton.



A

M A S K

Presented at

LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.



Efore the starry threshold of *Jove's* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal Shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd
In Regions mild of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoak and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feaverish being,
Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd Gods on Sainted seats.

Yet

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Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
 That opes the Palace of Eternity :
 To such my errand is, and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
 With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune*, besides the sway
 Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles,
 That like to rich and various Gemms inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
 Which he to grace his tributary Gods
 By course commits to several Government,
 And gives them leave to wear their Sapphire Crowns,
 And wield their little Tridents ; but this Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the Main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities,
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms :
 Where his fair off-spring nurs'd in Princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their Father's state,
 And new-entrusted Scepter : but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passenger ;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
 I was dispatcht for their defence and guard ;
 And listen why, for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
 From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.

Bacchus,

Bacchus, that first from out the purple Grape
Crusht the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine,
After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd,
Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds list'd,
On *Circe's* Island fell; (Who knows not *Circe*,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With Ivy Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Off'ring to every weary Traveller
His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glass,
To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of Wolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,

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Swift as a Sparkle of a glancing Star
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do : But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
 And take the weeds and likenefs of a Swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his
 Glass in the other ; with him a rout of Monsters
 headed like sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but other-
 wise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistring ;
 they come in making a riotous and unruly noise,
 with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day
 His glowing Axle doth allay
 In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his Chamber in the East.
 Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipsie dance, and Jollity.
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine.

Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and fowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber lie:
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath Night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come let us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport,
Dark vail'd *Corytto*, t'whom the secret flame
Of mid-night 'Torches burns; mysterious Dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat'*, and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,

And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
 Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
 Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains, I shall ere long
 Be well-stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling Spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with belear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesie,
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Win me into the easie-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this Magick dust,
 I shall appear some harmless Villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside
 And harken, if I may her business hear.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound

Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesome Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wassailers ; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood ?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading fav our of these Pines,
Stept as they said to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me ; else O theevish night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the mis-led and lonely Traveller ?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory

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Of calling-shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion Conscience.—
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemisht form of Chastity ;
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring Guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-imbroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flowry Cave,

Tell

Tell me but where,

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
 Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the Raven down
 Of darkness till it smil'd: I have oft heard
 My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*,
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd Soul,
 And lap it in *Elysium*: *Sylla* wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the Sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of it self.
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my Queen. Hail foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the Goddesses that in rural shrine
 Dwell't here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending Ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift

How to regain my fever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus ?

La. Dim darkness, and this leafy Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neer ushering guides ?

La. They left me weary on a grassie turf.

Co. By falshood, or discourtesie, or why ?

La. To seek i'th' Vally some cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all-unguarded, Lady ?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

La. How easie my misfortune is to hit !

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

La. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink't hedger at his Supper sat ;

I saw them under a green mantling Vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;

Their port was more than human, as they stood :

I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the Element,

That in the colours of the Rainbow live,

And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,

And as I past, I worshipt ; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,

To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose
 In such a scant allowance of Star-light,

Would

Would over-task the best Land-Pilot's art,
Without the sure guesses of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed Lark
From her thatch't pallat rowse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest. *La.* Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. —

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon
That wont'st to love the Travellers benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
In double night of darkness, and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper
Though a Rush-Candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation visit us
With thy long level'd rule of streaming light.

And thou shalt be our Star of *Arcady*,
 Of *Tyrian* Cynosure. 2 *Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their wated cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or village Cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumerable bows.
 But O that hapless Virgin! our lost sister,
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her *Boulster* now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion?
 I do not think my Sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in *Virtue's* book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm Thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what *Virtue* would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunk. And *Wisdom's* self

Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruff'd, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Bro. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert Cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a Senat House :
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
Or do his gray Hairs any violence ?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
Of Dragon-watch with uninchant'd eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of Misers Treasure by an Outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless Maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste
Of night, or loneliness it reck's me not,
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned Sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state

Secure without all doubt, or controverſie :
 Yet where an equal poiſe of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' Event, my Nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
 My Siſter is not ſo defenceleſs left
 As you imagine, ſhe has a hidden ſtrength
 Which you remember not.

2 *Bro.* What hidden ſtrength,

Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that ?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength,
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
 'Tis chaſtity, my Brother, chaſtity :
 She that has that, is clad in compleat ſteel,
 And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
 May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
 Infamous Hills, and ſandy perilous wildes,
 Where through the ſacred rays of Chaſtity,
 No Savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer
 Will dare to ſoyl her Virgin purity :
 Yea there, where very deſolation dwells
 By grotts, and caverns ſhag'd with horrid ſhades,
 She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
 Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh ſen,
 Blew meager Hag, or ſtubborn unlaid Ghoſt,
 That breaks his magick chains at *Curſue* time,
 No Goblin, or ſwart Fairy of the Mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
 Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
 To teſtifie the arms of Chaſtity ?
 Hence had the huntreſs *Dian* her dread bow,
 Fair ſilver-ſhafted Queen for ever chaſte,

Where

Wherewith she tam'd the brinded Lions,
And spotted mountain Pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*: gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o'th' Woods.
What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield
That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe:
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chastity,
That when a Soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on-th' outward shape,
The unpolluted Temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the Soul's essence;
Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchres,
Lingring, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loth to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And linkt it self by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 *Bro.* How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

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But musical as is *Apollo's* Lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* List, list, I hear
 Some far off hollow break the silent Air.

2 Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or else some Neighbour Woodman, or, at worst,
 Some roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2 Bro. Heav'n keep my Sister. Agen, agen, and near!
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hollow;

If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hollow I should know, what are you? speak.
 Come not too near, you fall on Iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.

2 Bro. O brother, 'tis my Father's Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis*? whose artful strains have oft delaid
 The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweetn'd every muskrose of the dale,
 How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any Ram
 Slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling Weither the pen't flock forfok?
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Master's heir, and his next joy,
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering Wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But, O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

Eld.

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly

Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous, [shew-
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)

What the sage Poets, taught by th' Heav'nly Muse,

Story'd of old in high immortal verse,

Of dire *Chimera's* and enchanted Isles,

And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous Wood,

Immur'd in Cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells,

Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,

Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries;

And here to every thirsty wanderer,

By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,

With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast

Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage

Character'd in the face; this have I learnt

Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,

That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl

Like stabl'd Wolves, or Tigers at their prey.

Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*

In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.

Yet have they many baits; and guileful spells

To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense

Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

This evening late by then the chewing flocks

Had ta'en their supper on the savoury Herb

Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,

I fate me down to watch upon a bank

With Ivy canopied, and interwove

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With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
 Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
 And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance,
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frighted steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might
 Deny her Nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a Soul
 Under the ribs of Death: but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste
 Through paths and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The idle's innocent Lady his wisht prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager;
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here.

But further know I not. 2 Bro. O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother? Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still.
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to it self,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just Sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the griesly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydras*, or all the monstrous forms
'Twi't *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise;
But here thy Sword can do thee little stead,
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of Hellish charms,

He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thy self approach so near,
As to make this Relation ?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray :
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties ;
Amongst the rest a small unfightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright Golden flowre, but not in this soyl :
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull Swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave ;
He call'd it *Hemony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of Sov'raign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast or damp,
Or gastly furies apparition :
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true ; for by this means
I knew the foul Inchanter, though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,

And

And yet came off : if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the Necromancer's Hall ;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seise his wand, though he and his curst crew
Fierce sign of Battail make, and menace high,
Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrſis* lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster,
And you a Statue, or as *Daphne* was,
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

La. Fool, do not boast,
Thou can't not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext, Lady ? why do you frown ?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies far : See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here

That flames and dances in his crystal bounds
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrups mixt.
 Not that *Nepentes* which the Wife of *Thone*,
 In *Egypt* gave to *Jove-born Helena*,
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to your self,
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy ?
 But you invert the Cov'nants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted : but fair *Virgin*
 This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor,
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banisht from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With lickerish baits fit to insnare a brute?
 Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears
To those budge Doctors of the *Stoick Furr*,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick Tub*,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and fate the curious taste ?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th' all-worshipt Ore, and precious Gems
To store her children with ; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th' all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging Master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility ;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with
The herds would over-multitude their Lords, [plumes,
The Sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought Dia-
Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep, [monds
And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
Lift Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name *Virginity*,
Beauty is Nature's coyn, must not be hoorded,
But must be current, and the good thereof

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Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unfavoury in th' injoyment of it self;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to teize the huswives wooll.
 What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false Rules, pranckt in Reason's garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride;
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she good cateress
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and beeseeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispenc'd,
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,

His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?
Or have I said enough ? To him that dares
Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end ?
Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc'd ;
Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap'd spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power ;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To some of *Saturn's* crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the Canon Laws of our Foundation ;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And setlings of a melancholy blood :

But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise, and taste.——

*The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, rest his
 Glass out of his hand, and break it against the
 ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are
 all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dislevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt,
 The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph, not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth *Severn* stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure;
 Whilom she was the daughter of *Lochrine*,
 That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
 She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged Stepdame *Guendolen*,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
 The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her streight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oyls till she reviv'd,

And

And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the River ; still she retains
Her Maid'n gentleness, and oft at Eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all Urchin blast, and ill luck signs
That the shrewd meddling Elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals,
For which the Shepherds at their Festivals
Carrol her goodness lowd in rustick lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of Pancies, Pinks and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled Song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a Virgin, such as was her self,
In hard-besetting need ; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting

Under the glassie, cool, translucent Wave,

In twisted Braids of Lillies knitting

The loose train of thy Amber-dropping Hair ;

Listen for dear Honour's sake,

Goddess of the Silver Lake,

Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us,

In name of great Oceanus,

By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,

And Tethys grave majestick pace,

By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,

And the Carpathian wisard's hook,

By

By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,
 By *Lucothea's* lovely hands,
 And her Son that rules the strands,
 By *Thetis* tinsel slipper'd feet,
 And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
 By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
 And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on Diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

*By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
 My sliding Chariot stays,
 Thick set with Agat, and the azure sheen
 Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
 That in the channel strays,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the Cowslip's Velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle Swain, at thy request
 I am here.*

Spir. Goddess dear,

We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity;
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphithrite's* bow'r.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her Seat.

Spir. Virgin daughter of *Lochrine*,
Sprung of old *Anchises* line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet *October's* torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows rowl ashoar
The Beryl, and the golden Ore,

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May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a Tower and Terrafs round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With Groves of Myrrhe, and Cinnamon.

Come Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
 Let us fly this curfed place,
 Lest the Sorcerer us intice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needles found,
 Till we come to holier ground,
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy Covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's Residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence ; and beside
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chere ;
 Come let us haste, the Stars grow high,
 But Night sits Monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the
 President's Castle, then come in Country Dancers,
 after them the attendant Spirit, with the two
 Brothers and the Lady.*

S O N G.

Spir. Back, Shepherds, back, anough your play,
 Till next Sun-shine holiday,
 Here be without duck, or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod

*Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.*

This second Song presents them to their Father and
Mother.

*Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a Crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring,
There eternal Summer dwells,
And West winds, with musky wing

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About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Cassia's* balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with *Elysian* dew
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth*, and *Roses*
Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc'd,
Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc'd,
After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blisful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher than the Sphery chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

O N T H E

M O R N I N G

O F

C H R I S T ' S N A T I V I T Y .

I.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-Table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,

He laid aside ; and here with us to be,

Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a Present to the Infant God ?

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,

Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?

K 2

IV.

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
 The Star-led Wifards haste with odours sweet;
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
 From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

IT was the Winter wild,
 While the Heav'n-born-child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle Air,
 To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
 She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphear
 His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battail's found
Was heard the World around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovrain Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their preeceious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had giv'n day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,

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And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferiour flame
 The new-enlightned World no more should need ;
 He saw a greater Sun appear
 Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustick row ;
 Full little thought they then,
 That the mighty *Pan*
 Was kindly come to live with them below :
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
 Divinely warbl'd voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their Souls in blisful rapture took :
 The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
 A Globe of circular light,

That

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd ;
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His Constellations set,
And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystal sphears,
Once bless our humane ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' Angelick symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a Rain-bow, and like glories wearing :
 Mercy will sit between,
 Thron'd in Celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering,
 And Heav'n as at some Festival,
 Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so,
 The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss ;
 So both himself and us to glorifie :
 Yet first to those y' chain'd in sleep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount *Sinai* rang
 While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake :
 The aged Earth agast,
 With terrour of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins ; for from this happy day
 Th' old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his fouled tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous humm

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving,
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,

The *Lars* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint ;
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint ;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and *Baalim*

For sake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine*,

And mooned *Asharoth*,
 Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
 Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
 The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
 In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamus* mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen *Moloch* fled,
 Hath left in shadows dred
 His burning Idol all of blackest hue ;
 In vain, with Cymbals ring,
 They call the grisly King,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
 The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis*, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
 In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
 Trampling the unshower'd Grass with lowings loud :
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
 The fable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worship'd Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
 The dredded Infant's hand,
 The rays of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the Gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th'infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.
XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious Song should here have ending :
Heav'ns youngest teemed Star
Hath fix'd her polish'd Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending :
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

Anno ætatis 17.

*On the 'Death of a fair Infant, a Ne-
phew of his, dying of a Cough.*

I.

○ Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timelesly,
Summer's chief Honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom drie ;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kifs,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal blifs.

II.

For since grim *Aquilo* his charioteer
By boistrous rape th' *Athenian* damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity full near,

204 *Poems on several Occasions.*

If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
 Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was

III.

[held.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled car,
 Through middle empire of the freezing air,
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,
 There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.
 Down he descended from his Snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
 Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair bidding place:

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
 For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand,
 Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
 Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota's* strand,
 Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower,
 Alack that so to change thee winter had no power,

V.

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
 Hid from the World in a low delved tomb;
 Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
 Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most purely blest,
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
 Tell me bright Spirit where-ere thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving Sphere,
 Or in the *Elysian* fields (if such there were)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak't *Olympus* by mischance didst fall;
Which careful *Jove* in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstal?
Or did of late earth's Sons besiege the wall
Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that crown'd Matron sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that Heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudie throne to do the World some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,
Who having clad thy self in humane weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst poast,
And after short abode flie back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence;
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent :

This if thou do, he will an off-spring give,
 That till the World's last end shall make thy name to live.

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounc'd slide through my infant-lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
 Where he had mutely sat two years before :
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task :
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst :
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last ;
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
 For this same small neglect that I have made :

But

But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and trimmings slight,
Which take our late fantasticks with delight;
But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st Attire,
Which deepest Spirits and choicest Wits desire :
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
And weary of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears :
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit found :
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns door
Look in, and see each blisful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire :
Then passing through the Sphears of watchful fire,
And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves ;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was ;
And last of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,
Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast,
While sad *Ulysses* soul and all the rest

Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wandring Muse, how thou dost stray !
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament :
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my Room.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of
 the Prædicaments his ten Sons,
 whereof the Eldest stood for Sub-
 stance with his Canons, which Ens,
 thus speaking, explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son ; for at thy birth
 The Faery Ladies danc'd upon the hearth ;
 Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie ;
 And sweetly singing round about thy Bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible :
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked Age,
 That far Events full wisely could presage,
 And in Time's long and dark Prospective Glass
 Fore-saw what future days should bring to pass ;
 Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent),
 Shall subject be to many an Accident.

O'er all his Brethren he shall reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling ;
And those that cannot live from him asunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under :
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them ;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Clothing.
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap :
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar :
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose his Gordian knot ?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in
Prose, then Relation was call'd by
his name.*

RIVERS arise ; whether thou be the Son
Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphie *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty Arms along the indented Meads,
Or sullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or rockie *Avon*, or of sedgeie *Lee*,
Or coaly *Tine*, or ancient hallowed *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* smooth, or royal towred *Thame*.

The rest was Prose.

The PASSION.

I.

ER.E while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
 My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
 In wintry solstice like the shortn'd light,
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my Harp to notes of saddest wo,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He sov'rain Priest stooping his regal head
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV.

These latter scenes confine my roving verse,
 To this Horizon is my *Phœbus* bound;
 His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings, otherwhere are found;
 Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound;

Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me Night, best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo ;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

VI.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My spirit some transporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood ;

There doth my Soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before ;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years
he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfy'd
with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

On TIME.

FL Y envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummet's pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our Heav'nly-guided Soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grossness quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit, [*Time.*
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O

Upon

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erst with Musick, and triumphant Song,
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
Enter'd the World, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His Infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret blifs, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
Intirely satisfi'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day; but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

BLeft pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sence able to pierce,
 And to our high-rai'd phantasie present
 That undisturbed Song of pure content,
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubilee,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
 Hymns devote and holy Psalms
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on Earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair Musick that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

A N

E P I T A P H

O N T H E

Marchioness of *Winchester*.

THIS rich Marble doth enter
The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
A Vicount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her Virtues fair
Added to her noble Birth,
More than she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told, alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death,
Yet had the number of her days
Been as compleat as her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet ;
The Virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage-feast ;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce-well-lighted flame ;
And in his Garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely Son,

And

And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws ;
 But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came ;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
 The hapless Babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languisht Mother's Womb
 Was not long a living Tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip
 Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flow'r
 New shot up from vernal show'r ;
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hast'ning Funeral.
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have ;
 After this day travel fore
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
 That to give the World encrease,
 Shortned hast thy own life's lease ;
 Here, besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble House doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan
 Wept for thee in *Helicon*,
 And some Flowers, and some Bays,
 For thy Herse, to strew the ways,

Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sit'st in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
To him that serv'd for her before ;
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light.
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint ;
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

S O N G. *On May Morning.*

NOW the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flow'ry *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.

Hail bounteous *May*, that dost inspire
Mirth and Youth and warm desire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my *Shakespear*, for his honour'd Bones,
 The labour of an age in piled Stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?
 Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

*On the University Carrier, who sickn'd
 in the time of his vacancy, being for-
 bid to go to London, by reason of the
 Plague.*

HERE lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt:
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;

For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had ta'ne up his latest Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move :
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :
And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceast, he ended strait.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath ;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term :
Meerly to drive the time away, he sickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd ;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,

But vow, though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his Cart went light :
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensom,
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't)
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight ;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase :
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
 Only remains this Supercription.

*On the new Forcers of Conscience under
 the Long PARLIAMENT.*

BEcause you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
 And with stiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
 To seize the widow'd whore Pluralitie
 From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhorr'd,
 Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
 To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
 Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford* ?
 Men whose Life, Learning, Faith, and pure Intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*,
 Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks,
 By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what-d'ye-call :

But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholsom and preventive shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,
And succour our just Fears:
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ Large.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è
naufragio enataverat, cujus amore ir-
retitos, affirmat esse miseros.

QUI multâ gracilis te puer in resâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebis, & aspera
Nigris equora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ?
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus

Intentata nites, me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

The Fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

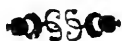
Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme, according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
 Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
 On Faith and changed Gods complain; and Seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
 Who always vacant, always amiable
 Hopes thee; of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.





SONNETS.

SONNET I.

To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'st at eeve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend success in Love; O, if *Jove's* will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some Grove ny;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SONNET II.

*Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco*

*Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
 La onde l' alta tua virtù s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.*

S O N N E T III.

*Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Four di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insu la lingua snello
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.*

C A N Z O N E.

R Idonsi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?

Dinne, se latua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi ;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi r'aspettan, & altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchi a soma ?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

S O N N E T IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già eaddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne treccie d'ore, ne guancia vermiglia
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemisphero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

S O N N E T V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,

*Che force amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Qui vi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela ;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.*

S O N N E T VI.

*Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante
 L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d' ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse :
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.*

S O N N E T VII.

On his being arriv'd to his 23^d Year.

How soon hath Time, the futtle thief of youth,
 Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year !
 My hasting days flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,

And

And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great task-Master's eye.

S O N N E T VIII.

To the Soldier, to spare his Dwelling-place.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may cease,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call Fame on such gentle acts as these;
 And he can spread thy name o'er Lands and Seas,
 What ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
 The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
 Went to the ground: And the repeated air
 Of sad *Eleëtra's* Poet had the power
 To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruin bare.

S O N N E T IX.

To a Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
 Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth,
 The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*

228 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.

Thy care is fixt and zealously attends

To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
 And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure

Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

S O N N E T X.

*To the Lady Margaret Lee, Daughter to the
 Earl of Marlborough.*

Daughter to that good Earl, once President

Of *England's* Council, and her Treasury,

Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,

And left them both, more in himself content,

Till sad the breaking of that Parliament

Broke him ; as that dishonest victory

At *Charonea*, fatal to Liberty,

Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,

Though later born, than to have known the days

Wherein your Father flourish'd, yet by you,

Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;

So well your words his noble virtues praise,

That all both judge you to relate them true,

And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

S O N-

S O N N E T XI.

On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*,
And woven close, both matter, form and stile ;
The Subject new : it walk'd the Town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects ; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us ! what a word on
A title page is this ! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp ?
Those rugged Names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
Hated not Learning worse than Toad or Asp ;
When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward*
[Greek.

S O N N E T XII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the Age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of Owls and Cuckoes, Affes, Apes and Dogs :
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs
Rail'd at *Latona's* twin-born Progenie,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in see.
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hogs ;
That bawle for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.

230 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Licence they mean when they cry Liberty ;
For who loves that, must first be wife and good,
But from that mark how far they roave we see
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

S O N N E T XIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long ;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan ;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth aire couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse ; and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phœbus* Quire
That tun'st the happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

S O N N E T XIV.

An Elegy.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just Soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of Death, call'd life, which us from Life doth sever!
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour

Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod ;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

S O N N E T X V.

On General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose Name in Arms thro *Europe* rings,
And fills all mouths with Envy or with Praise,
And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, which daunt remotest things ;
Thy firm unshaken Valour ever brings
Victory home, while new Rebellions raise
Their *Hydra* Heads, and the false North displays
Her broken League to imp her Serpent wings.
O yet a nobler Task awaits thy Hand,
For what can War but acts of War still breed,
Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed,
And publick faith be rescu'd from the brand
Of publick fraud. In vain does Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the Land.

S O N N E T X V I.

On Sir Henry Vane the younger.

Vane, young in Years, but in sage Councils old,
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held

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The Helm of *Rome* (when Gowns not Arms repel'd
The fierce *Epirot*, and the *African* bold)

Whether to settle Peace, or to unfold

The drift of hollow States, hard to be spel'd.

Then to advise how War may be best upheld,

Man'd by her two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,

In all her Equipage : Besides to know (done :

What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which few have

The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe ;

Therefore on thy right hand Religion leans,

And reckons thee in chief her Eldest Son.

S O N N E T XVII.

To O. CROMWELL.

Cromwell our chief of Men, that thro' a crowd

Not of War only, but Distractions rude,

(Guided by Faith and matchless Fortitude)

To Peace and Truth thy glorious way hast plow'd,

And fought God's Battles, and his Works pursu'd,

While *Darwent* Streams with blood of *Scots* imbru'd,

And *Dunbar* field resound thy Praises loud,

And *Worcester's* Laureat wreath. Yet much remains

To conquer still ; Peace has her Victories

No less than those of War. New Foes arise,

Threatning to bind our Souls in secular Chains :

Help us to save free Conscience from the Paw

Of hireling Wolves, whose Gospel is their Maw.

S O N-

S O N N E T XVIII.

On the late Massacre in Piemont.

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the *Alpine* mountains cold ;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their groans
Who were thy Sheep, and in their antient Fold
Slain by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubled to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow,
O'er all th' *Italian* fields, where still doth sway
The tripple Tyrant : that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

S O N N E T XIX.

On Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, these Eyes, tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of Sight, their seeing have forgot.
Nor to their idle Orbes does day appear,
Or Sun, or Moon, or Stars throughout the year ;
Or Man, or Woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'ns Hand, or Will ; nor bate one jot
Of Heart or Hope ; but still bear up, and steer
Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
The Conscience, friend, t'have lost them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,

Whereof

Whereof all *Europe* rings from side to side.

This Thought might lead me through this world's
vain mask,

Content, though blind, had I no other Guide.

S O N N E T XX.

When I consider how my light is spent,

Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,

And that one Talent with his death to hide,

Lodg'd with me useles, though my Soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present

My true account, lest he returning chide ;

Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,

I fondly ask : But patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need

Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best

Bear his mild yolk, they serve him best, his State

Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,

And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest,

They also serve who only stand and wait.

S O N N E T XXI.

*To Mr. Lawrence, Son to the President of
Cromwell's Council.*

Lawrence, of virtuous Father virtuous Son,

Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,

Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire

Help waste a sullen day ? what may be won

From the hard Season gaining : time will run

On smooother, till *Favonius* re-inspire

The frozen earth, and cloath in fresh attire

The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun:

What

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick taste, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuscan* Air ?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

S O N N E T XXII.

On Cyriack Skinner.

Cyriack, whose Grandfire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittish *Themis*, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd and in his Volumes taught our Laws,
Which others at their Bar so often wrench ;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws ;
Let *Euclid* rest, and *Archimedes* pause,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burdenloads the day,
And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

S O N N E T XXIII.

On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
Whom *Jove's* great Son to her glad Husband gave,

236 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Réscu'd from death by force though pale and faint,
 Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
 Purification in the old Law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight,
 Love, Sweetness, Goodness, in her Person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
 Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget ?*

*Gaudete Sombri, & quicquid est piscium Salo,
 Qui frigidâ Hyeme incolitis argentes freta,
 Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius eques
 Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat ;
 Chartaque largus apparat papyrinos
 Vobis cucullos præferentes Claudii
 Insignia, nomenque & Decus Salmasii,
 Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
 Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
 Cubito virorum, & capsulis gratissimos.*

Brutus

Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner in the inward Shrine of the Temple of the Goddess Diana, utters his Request thus :

Divā potens nemorum, &c.

Goddes of Shades, and Huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the lowring Sphears, and thro the deep,
On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell
What Land, what seat of rest thou bid'st me seek,
What certain Seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with Temples vow'd and Virgin Quires.

*To whom sleeping before the Altar, Diana in a
Vision that Night, thus answered :*

Brute, sub occasum solis, &c.

Brutus, far to the West in the Ocean wide
Beyond the Realm of Gaul, a Land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where Gyants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people ; thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting Seat,
There to thy Sons another Troy shall rise,
And Kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno.

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause
Not thy Conversion, but those rich Domains
That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee.

In the 20th Canto of Paradise.

Founded in chaste and humble Poverty,
 'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy Horn,
 Impudent Whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?
 In thy Adulterers, or thy ill-got Wealth?
 Another *Constantine* comes not in haste.

Ariosto, Cant. 34.

And to be short, at last his guide him brings
 Into a goodly Valley, where he sees
 A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,
 Things that on Earth were lost, or was abus'd.

Then past he to a flow'ry Mountain green,
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;
 This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
 That *Constantine* to good *Silvester* gave.

HORACE *to Quintius.*

Whom do we count a good Man? whom but he
 Who keeps the Laws and Statutes of the Senate,
 Who judges in great Suits and Controversies,
 Whose Witness and Opinion wins the Cause?
 But his own House, and the whole Neighbourhood
 Sees his foul inside through his whited Skin.

Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men
 Having to advise the Publick, may speak free,

Which

Which he who can, and will, deserves his Praise ;
Who either can, or will, may hold his peace :
What can be juster in a State than this ?

Euripid.

H O R A C E.

———*Valet ima summis*
Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens, &c.

The Power that did create, can change the scene
Of things ; make mean of great, and great of mean :
The brightest Glory can eclipse with might ;
And place the most obscure in dazzling light.

H O R A C E.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Regumque matres barbarorum, &
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous People, and their Princes too,
All Purple Tyrants honour you ;
The very wandring *Scythians* do.
Support the Pillar of the *Roman* State,
Let all men be involv'd in one man's fate,
Continue us in Wealth and Peace ;
Let Wars and Tumults ever cease.

C A T U L L U S.

*Tantò pessimus omnium Poeta,
Quantò tu optimus omnium Patronus.*

The worst of Poets I my self declare,
By how much you the best of Patrons are.

On S A L M A S I U S.

*Quis expedit Salmasio suam Hundredam?
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, & Jacobei
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papa
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.*

English'd.

Who taught *Salmasius*, that *French* chattering Pye,
To aim at *English*, and *Hundreda* cry?
The starving Rascal, flusht with just a hundred
English Jacobus's, *Hundreda* blundred.
An Outlaw'd King's last Stock—A hundred more
Wou'd make him pimp for th'Antichristian Whore;
And in *Rome's* Praise employ his poison'd Breath,
Who threatned once to stink the Pope to Death.

P S A L M



PSALM I.

Done into VERSE, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the Wicked, and i'th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorers hath not sate. But in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

M

PSAL.

PSAL. II. *done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
 Muse avain thing, the Kings of th' Earth upstand
 With pow'r, and Princes in their Congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each Land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ?

Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords : he who in Heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe

Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them ; but I, saith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)

On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree

I will declare ; The Lord to me hath said

Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee

This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made ;

As thy possession I on thee bestow

Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full low

With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse

Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.

And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,

Be taught ye Judges of the Earth ; with fear

Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse

With trembling ; kiss the Son lest he appear

In anger and ye perish in the way,

If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere,

Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. III. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Abfalom.

Lord, how many are my foes !
How many those
That in arms against me rise !
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count ;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavilions.
Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord ;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large ; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
 Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forbore
 Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to choose he knows)
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say,
 Who yet will shew us good ?
 Talking like this world's brood ;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright ;
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,

Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep,
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where e'er I lie;
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug. 12. 1653,*

Jehovah to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
My King and God ; for unto thee I pray
Jehovah thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I'th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad-men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st ; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie ;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy House ; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worship low.

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Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress ;
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
 For in his faltring mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth ;
 Their inside, troubles miserable ;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
 God, find them guilty, let them fall
 By their own counsels quell'd ;
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on ; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSAL VI. *Aug. 13. 1653.*

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 Am very weak and faint ; heal and amend me :
 For all my Bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long ? turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake :
 For in death no remembrance is of thee ;

Who

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea ;
My Bed I water with my tears ; mine Eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r.
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion ; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSAL. VII. *Aug. 14. 1653.*

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against
him.*

Lord my God to thee I flie,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my Soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought

Ill to him that meant me peace,
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not free'd my foe for naught ;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread
 My Life down to the earth, and roul
 In the dust my glory dead,
 In the dust, and there out spread
 Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire,
 Rouze thy self amidst the rage
 Of my foes that urge like fire,
 And wake for me, their fury asswage :
 Judgment here thou didst ingage
 And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation
 Will surround thee, seeking right,
 Thence to thy glorious habitation
 Return on high, and in their sight.
 Jehovah judgeth most upright
 All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
 According to my righteousness
 And the innocence which is
 Upon me : cause at length to cease
 Of evil men the wickedness,
 And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
 Since thou art the just God that tries
 Hearts and reins. On God is cast

My defence, and in him lies,
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,
And God is every day offended ;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended :
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made ;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

P S A L. VIII. *Aug. 14. 1653.*

O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy Name through all the earth?
 So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest breath.

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avengers brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I beheld thy Heav'ns, thy Fingers art,
 The Moon and Stars which thou so bright hast set,
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 O what is man that thou remembrest yet

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
 Thou hast put all under his Lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and Fish that through the wet
 Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no death.
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the Earth!

April 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into Metre,
wherein all, but what is in a dif-
ferent Character, are the very words
of the Text, translated from the Ori-
ginal.*

PSAL. LXXX.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep
Give ear *in time of need,*

Who ledest like a flock of Sheep

Thy loved Joseph's feed,

That sit'st between the Cherubs *brigh*

Between their wings out-spread,

Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*

And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,

And in Manasse's sight,

Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen

* *Gloria.*

To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*

To us O God vouchsafe;

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,

How long wilt thou declare

Thy * smoking wrath, *and angry vow*

* *Gnashantia.*

Against thy Peoples prayer.

§ Thou

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- 5 Thou feedst them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Shalish.*
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us, and a prey
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
 And * flouts at us they throw. * *Filgnagu.*
- 7 Return us, and thy grace divine
 O God of Hosts vouchsafe,
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
 And drov'st out Nations, *proud and haught,*
 To plant this lovely Vine.
- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the Land at last.
- 10 With her green shade that cover'd all,
 The Hills were *over-spread,*
 Her Bows as *high as Cedars tall*
Advanc'd their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
 Down to the Sea she sent,
 And *upward* to that River wide
 Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low,
 And broken down her Fence,
 That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* Boar out of the Wood
 Up turns it by the roots,

Wild beasts there brouze and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.

14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine;
Behold us, *but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* Vine.

15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thy self
Thou hast made firm and strong.

16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid,*
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thy self hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame :
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

P S A L. LXXXI.

TO God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
 Sing loud to God *our King,*
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*
 Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
 The Timbrel hither bring,
 The *cheerful* Pſaltry bring along,
 And Harp *with pleasant string,*

3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new Moon
 With Trumpets *lofty ſound,*
 Th' appointed time, the day whereon
 Our ſolemn Feaſt *comes round.*

4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
 For Iſrael *to obſerve,*
 A Law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
 From whence they might *not ſwerve.*

5 This he a Teſtimony ordain'd
 In Joſeph, *not to change,*
 When as he paſſ'd through *Ægypt Land,*
 The Tongue I heard was ſtrange.

6 From burden, *and from ſlavish toyle*
 I ſet his ſhoulder free :
 His hands from pots, *and mirie ſojle,*
 Deliver'd were *by me.*

7 When trouble did thee fore aſſail,
 On me then didſt thou call,
 And I to free thee *did not fail,*
 And led thee out of *thrall.*

I anſwer'd thee in * Thunder deep * *Be ſeiker ragnam.*
 With clouds encompaſſ'd round ;

- I try'd thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear, O my People, *heark'n well*,
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me,
- 9 Throughout the Land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In Honour bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of *Ægypt Land*,
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice ;
And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,
Mislik'd me for his choice,
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind ;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O that my People would *be wise*,
To serve me all their days,
And O that Israel would *advise*,
To walk my *righteous ways*.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That *are* their enemies.
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they, his People, should remain*,
Their time should have no end.

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16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
 With Flow'r of finest wheat,
 And fatisfie them from the rock
 With Honey *for their meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

* *Bagnadath-el.*

1 **G**OD in the * great * assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States,

† Among the Gods, † on both his hands † *Bekerev.*
 He judges and debates,

2 How long will ye * pervert the right * *Tish phetu*
 With * judgment false and wrong, *gnavel.*
Favouring the wicked by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong?

3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless, * *Skiphtu-dal.*
 * Dispatch the * poor man's cause,
 And † raise the man in deep distress
 By † just and equal Laws. † *Hatzdiku.*

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,
 And * out of order gon. * *Jimmotu.*

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
 The Sons of God most high,

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other Princes *die.*

8 Rise God, * judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth * redress, * *Shiphra.*
For thou art he who shalt by right
The Nations all possess.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length*,
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou still O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.

2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * swell,
And * storm outrageously, * *Jehemajun.*
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy People they † contrive † *Jagnarimu.*
† Their Plots and Counsels deep, † *Sod.*
* Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
* *Jithjagnatsu gnal.*
* Whom thou dost hide and keep. * *Tsephuneca.*

4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no Nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult † with all their might,
And all as one in mind † *Lev jachdan.*
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the Desarts dwell,

258 *Poems on several Occasions.*

- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful Amalec,*
The Philistims, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Afshur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot :
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast,
To Sifera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repuls'd and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the Plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped ;
So let their Princes speed ;
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their Princes *bleed.*
- 12 *For they amidst their pride have said,*
By right now shall we seize
God's Houses, and *will now invade*
† Their stately Palaces. † *Neoth Elohim bears both.*
- 13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel,
No quiet let them find ;
Giddy and restless let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when an aged wood takes fire,*
Which on a sudden straiës,
The *greedy Flame runs higher and higher*
Till all the Mountains blaze,
- 15 So with thy whirl-wind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase ;

- 16 * And till they * yield thee honour due,
 Lord fill with shame their face. * *They seek thy*
 17 Asham'd, and troubl'd, let them be, *Name, Heb:*
 Troubl'd, and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never.*
 18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one.*
-

PSAL. LXXXIV.

- HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair !
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* Tabernacles are,
 Where thou dost dwell so near !
 2 My Soul doth long and almost die
 Thy Courts O Lord to see,
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
 3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong,*
 Hath found a house of *rest,*
 The Swallow there, to lay her young,
 Hath built her *brooding* nest ;
 Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hosts,
 They find their *safe* abode,
 And home they fly from round the *Coasts*
 Toward thee, my King, my God.
 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise ;
 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They

260 *Poems on several Occasions.*

- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirstie* Vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladfom cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God give ear ;
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joyes of *Vanity*
A thousand days at best.
- I in the Temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in Tents, and rich *abode*,
With Sin for evermore.
- 11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory *bright*,
No good from them shall be with-held
Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hosts *that* raign'st on high,
That man is *truly* blest,
Who *only* on thee doth relie,
And in thee only rest.

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXV.

- 1 **T**H Y Land to favour graciously
Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from *hard* Captivity
Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy People woe,
And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve,*
Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd,
† Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus ?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us ?
- 6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again * revive, * Heb. *turn to quicken us.*
That so thy People may rejoyce
By thee preserv'd alive ?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew,
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

259 *Poems on several Occasions.*

- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
I will go *strait and* hear ;
For to his People he speaks peace,
And to his Saints *full dear*,
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our Land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the Earth, *like to a Flow'r*,
Shall bud and blossom *then*,
And Justice from her Heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good,
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His Royal Harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 **T**HY *gracious* ear, O Lord, encline,
 O hear me *I thee pray*,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay*.

2 Preserve my Soul, for † I have trod
 Thy wayes, and love the just ;
 Save thou thy Servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.

† Heb. *I am
 good, loving
 a doer of good
 and holy things.*

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call : 4. O make rejoyce
 Thy Servant's Soul ; for Lord to thee
 I lift my Soul *and voice*,

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
 To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry
 Of my *incessant* Prayers afford
 Thy hearing graciously.

7 I in the day of my distress
 Will call on thee *for aid* ;
 For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,
And answer what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
 O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
 Like to thy *glorious* works.

9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame*

264 *Poems on several Occasions.*

To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorifie thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done ;

Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide,

To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour, and adore

With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou hast free'd my Soul,

Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.

14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met

To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,

Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*
Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,

Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy hand-maid's Son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see,

And be asham'd, because thou Lord
Dost help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**mong the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,
There seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sion's *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *Land*, though there be store,
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke ;
- 4 I mention *Ægypt*, where proud Kings
Did our Forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends*,
Lo this man there was born.
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last*,
- This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the Nations doth enrowle,
That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred Songs are there ;
In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance*,
And all my fountains clear.

P S A L. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ord God thou dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry :
 And all night long before thee *weep*,
 Before thee *prostrate lie*.
- 2 Into thy presence let my pray'r
 With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble fore
 Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
 My life at death's *uncheerful door*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit* ;
 I am a * man, but weak alas,
 And for that name unfit :
- * Heb. *A man without manly strength.*
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep*,
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the Grave lie *deep*.
- Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
 Death's *hideous house hath barr'd*.
- 6 Thou in the lowest Pit *profound*
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps to *mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
 Full sore doth press on me ;

- * Thou break'st upon me all thy waves. * *The Hebr.*
 * And all thy waves break me. *bears both.*
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change,*
 And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine Eye grows dim and dead :
 Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?
 Shall the deceas'd arise,
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed,*
With pale and hollow eyes ?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell,
 On whom the Grave *hath hold ;*
 Or they *who* in perdition dwell,
 Thy faithfulness *unfold ?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
 Or wondrous acts be known,
 Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
 Of *dark* oblivion ?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
 And *up to thee* my prayer doth hie
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me,
 15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake
 With terror sent from thee ? † *Heb. Præ concussione.*
 Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
 Thy threatnings cut me through :

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17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,

And sever'd from me far.

They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on *Psalm* 114.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the
Author at fifteen years old.*

WHEN the blest seed of *Terah's* faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; *Jordan's* clear streams recoil,
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains;
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chrystal Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of Him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM

P S A L M 136.

LET us with a gladfom mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God ;
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell,
For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

And caus'd the golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.

270 *Poems on several Occasions.*

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of *Egypt* Land.

For his, &c.

And in despite of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.

For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the *Erythraean* main.

For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.

For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.

For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastful *Wilderness*.

For his, &c.

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, &c.

He foil'd bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.

For his, &c.

And

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his, &c.

And to his servant *Israel*
He gave their Land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure.

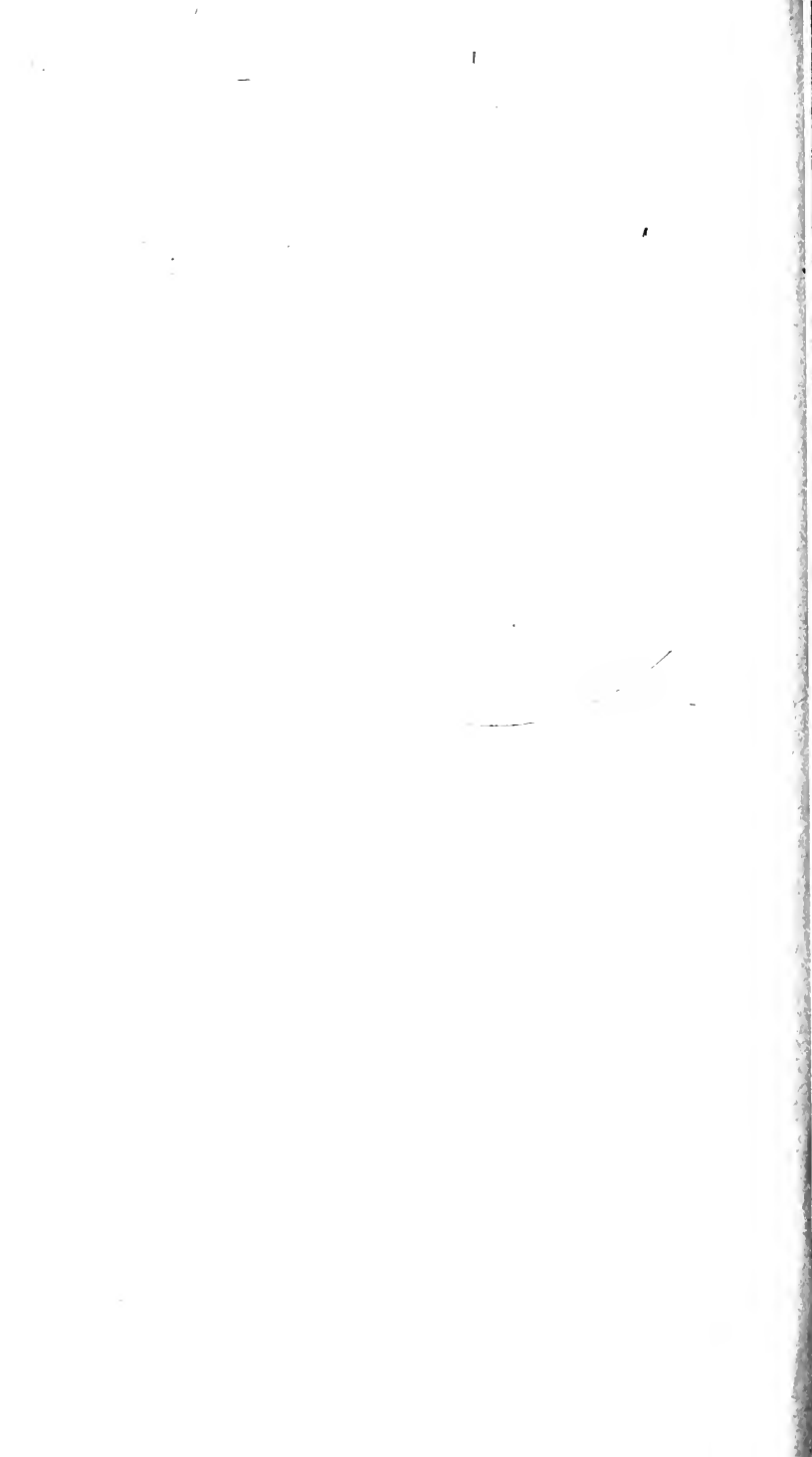




JOANNIS MILTONI
L O N D I N E N S I S
POEMATA,

Quorum pleraque intra Annum
Ætatis Vigefimum conſcripfit.







HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimix laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi que quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio
Villensis Neapolitanus, ad Joannem
Miltonium Anglum.*

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.



*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici
Poeseos laureâ coronandum, Gracâ
nimirum, Latinâ, atque Hetruscâ,
Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

CEde Meles, cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui ;
ut Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonem.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERgimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Eliconi,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
E celestie virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore,

Non

Non può l' oblio repace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umano eccede :
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tranoi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto ;
Ridillo tu Giovanni e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l' Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato,
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

278 Poems on several Occasions.

*Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degnì.*

*Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino,
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' Idea.*

*Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.*

*Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia ill suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.*

*I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.*

*Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermi, immoto, e in un fermin s' gl' anni,*

*Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni ;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.*

*Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce cante :
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.*

*Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lidar con lo stupore.*

Del Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.

JOANNI



JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSIS,

Juveni Patriâ, virtutibus eximio,



*V*iro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore lingua jam deperdita sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed vastitate vocem laudatoribus adimunt :

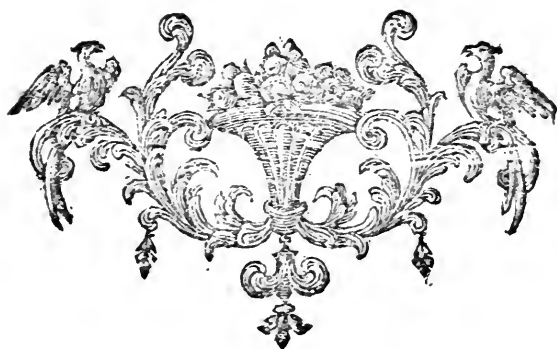
Cui in Memoria totus Orbis; In intellectu Sapiëntia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore Eloquentia; Harmonicos cœlestium Sphærarum sonitus Astronomiâ Duce audienti, Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistrâ Philosophiâ legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assiduâ autorum Lectiõne :

Exquirenti;

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Fama non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est: Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.





ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA

Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.



Andem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas,
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium pronò quâ petit amne salum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput :
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussâ velit.
Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ilie locus!

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad piausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris ;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores,
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat.
Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
Interdum & lachrymis dulcis amaror inest :
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit :
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :
Seu mæret Pelopeia domus seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

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Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammæ,
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
 Quæ posset senium vel reparare Jovis!
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor!
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina fordet
 Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achæmeniaæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpæia Musa columnas
 Jactet, & Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymionææ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;

Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro ;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno Ætat. 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo.
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
Alipes, athereâ missus ab arce Patris.
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,

Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ !
 Turbâ quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegiâ tristes,
 Personet & totis nænia mœsta Scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præfulis Wintoniensis.

MOestus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo :
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo ;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face ;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad athera raptos,
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præciquè luxi dignissime Præful,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ ;
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar :
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi ;
 Nonne satis quod sylvæ tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros ;
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa ;
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,

Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus ?
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
Phœbus ab eöo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculus noxque soporque meos.
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innu-neris humida nata rosis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito præful Wintonius astat,
Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore iubar ;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit lato florea terra sono.

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali perfonat æthra tubâ.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos :
 Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice fomnos,
 Talia contingant fomnia sæpe mihi !

Elegia quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem suum, apud
 Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pas-
 toris munere fungentem.*

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros.
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstet eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos ;
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
 Væcta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
 Aut quis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præful Chriftilocolas pascere doctus oves ;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !
Charior ille mihi, quàm tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præcunte recessus
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem, gremio pignora chara suo,
Forsitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modò adestet, herum.
Hæc quoque paulùm oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui :
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.

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Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem,
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultrà ducere passus Amor.
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
 Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysius Mars pater egit equos.
 Perpétuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
 Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas iusta volasse domos.
 Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solus inópique solo ;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,

Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscesæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quanivis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi ;
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmurâque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.

Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere repente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virefcit humus.
Fallor ? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest ?
Munere veris adest, iterumque virefcit ab illo
(Quis putet ?) atque aliquod jam sibi poſcit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen ſomnia nocte ferunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & ſonitus me facer intus agit.
Delius ipſe venit, video Pençide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipſe venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetrabilia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cœca meos.
Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore ?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iſte furor ?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;
Proſuerint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Inſtituis modulos, dum ſilet omne nemus.
Urbe ego, tu ſylvâ ſimul incipiamus utrique,
Et ſimul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc subeat Musa quotannis opus.
Jam sol Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit & Arctōas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaoniūs plaustrum cœleste Boötes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dî timuere scelus.
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cūm primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid iuvat effœto procubuisse toro ?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos ;
Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosas ?
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.

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Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
 Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Aspice Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
 Cinnamēa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alā,
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
 Nec sine dote tuos temerariā quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentiā tangunt
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
 Ah quoties cùm tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquis,
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
 Hesperiiis recipit, Cærule mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphā,
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora Phœbe meā melius captabis in umbrā,
 Huc ades, ardentem imbue rore comas.
 Mollior egelidā veniet tibi somnus in herbā,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Quaque jaces circùm mulcebit lenè susurrans
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
 Nec Phæton teo fumidus axis equo;
 Cùm tu Phœbe tuo sapientiùs uteris igni,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.

Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineas auro cincta puella sinus.
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum
Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque suâ Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consultit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis ?

Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
 Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant.
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat & nostro ferior umbra polo.

Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

*Qui cùm Idibus Decemb. scripisset, & sua carmina excu-
 sari postulâisset, si solito minus essent bona, quòd inter
 lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis feli-
 cem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc habuit
 responsum.*

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Quâ tu distento fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram proleat Musa camœnam,
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras ?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamémque colámque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos !
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin ?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucœ
 Mistâ Thyonœo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris :
 Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis ?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum.
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Elëo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos:
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat argutâ molliter ista manu ;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ;
Liber adest elegis Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus indè licent convivium larga poetis,
Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroesque pios, semideosque duces,

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Et nunc sancta canit superùm consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos ;
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens, sacrâ, & lustralibus undis
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris ;
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phoebados aulam,
 Et vada scœmineis insidiosa sonis.
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges,
 Diis etenim facer est vates, divùmque sacerdos,
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem:
 At tu siquid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
 Paciferum caninus cœlesti femine regem,
 Fausaque sacratis sacula pacta libris,
 Vagiumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere testo
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.
 Stelliparumq; polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno Ætatis undevigesimo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia norâm,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma ?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem :
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum :
Prodidit & facies, & dulcè minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas ;
Addideratque iras, sed & hæc decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et, miser exemplo sapiisses tutius, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythonè superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi ;

Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certius & gravius tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, faciæque simillima turba dearum
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias,
 Aucta que luce dies gemino fulgore coruscet,
 Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet,
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia mihi,
 Neve oculos potui contaminasse meos.
 Unam fortè aliis sapereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit:
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.

Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Infilic hinc labiis, infidet inde genis :

Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.

Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.

Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.

Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.

Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.

Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vestus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.

Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus? amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, nève sequi.

O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coram tristia verba loqui;

Forsthan & duro non est adamante creata,
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.

Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.

Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solutus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans :

Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
 Nequitiaë posui vana trophæa meâ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas parva magistra fuit,
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Prætinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauce nefas,
 Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentasti cœlo donâsse Jacobum
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
 Nî meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit
 Astra nec inferni pulveris usus ope.

Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Credere mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem;
Et sine quo superùm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
Moyit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
Supplicium spretâ relligione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammâ triste patebit iter.
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos eyehere usque Deos.

In inventorem Bombardæ.

I Apetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem ;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen furrripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

A Ngelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major ?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens ;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono,
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

A Ltera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
 Perditus & propter te Leonora foret !
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
 Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteris composuisse tuâ ;
 Et poteris ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

Rusticus ex Malo sapidissima poma quotanni
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protenus aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò fatius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periire mihi & fœtus & ipse parens.

Elegiarum Finis.





SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.



Arêre fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iâpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassum dolique ;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hæctora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante;
Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia
Eugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentum, ignotâque gramina,

Non gnarus herbarum Machaon

Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ,

Læsisset & nec te Philyreie

Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,

Nec tela te fulmenque avitum

Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,

Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,

Frondosâ quem nunc Cirrha luget,

Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi

Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloriâ,

Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis

Horribiles barathri recessus.

At fila rupit Persephone tua

Irata, cum te viderit artibus

Succôque pollenti tot atris

Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende Præses, membra precor tua

Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,

Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,

Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,

Interque felices perennis

Elysio spatiere campo.



In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Jacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque potentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis :
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros ;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aère diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;
 Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace,
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris,
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,

Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhœus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ic̄taque cuspide cuspis.
Atque pererrato solum hoc lachrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,
Et tenet Aufoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prisic̄ique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt summisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

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His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturnæ reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēq; ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissâ tegit, cineracea longo
 Sirmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces.
 Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones:

Subdulus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces ;
 Dormis nate ? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaq; triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britannii ;
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat
 Cui referata patet convexi janua cœli,
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis ;
 Et memor Hesperia disjectam ulciscere classē,
 Merfaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,

Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosa,
Thermodontea nuper regnante puella,
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite Pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle :
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis difponere retia fas est ;
Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricos vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævofque patres trabeã, canifque verendos ;
Hos tu membratim poteris confpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quã convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipfe igitur quofcumque habet Anglia fidos
Propofiti, factique mone, quifquamne tuorum
Audebit summi non juffa faceffere Papæ.
Perculfosque metu subito, casúque ftupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula fic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque fecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
Dixit, & adfcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam rofea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;
Mœftaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis ;
Cum fomnos pepulit ftellatæ janitor aulæ
Nocturnos vifus, & fomnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes,
 Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penentralibus antri
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloq; sequente per antrum,
 Antrum horrent, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vertunt,
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
 Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo;
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves disilentur pulvere in auras.
 Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ:
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conanima turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terrâ
 Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mærotidas undas;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea lata, sonans, rutilus vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros :
Excitat hîc varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissimâ captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmissô alloquitur, terrâque tremente :
Fama files ? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Jacobo ?
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et fatis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis ;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :

Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effætique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolùm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præsulis Eliensis.

ADhuc madentes rore squalabant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant falis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis præsulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia!)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,
 Populosque Neptuno fatos,
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
 Te generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiusque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas :
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita ?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastóve nata sub Chao :
Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei
Messès ubique colligit ;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat :
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Jovisque filiaë ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror :
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
Auriga currus ignei,
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longéque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum fyderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, & regiam Chryftallinam, &
 Stratum smaragdis Atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amœnitates illius loci ? mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profun-
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem ! (dis
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.
 Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilefcet ab ævo ?
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput ? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt ? an & insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem ?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes ?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ

Decidat, horribilisque reiecta Gorgone Pallas :
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli.

Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ sumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito seralia sibila ponto.

Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Disiultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno ;
Raptat, & ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mayors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscât,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus ; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Manè vocans, & serus agens in pascua cœli,
Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitôque fragore
Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutans
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem

Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet, & puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli ;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Ideâ Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles
 intellexit.*

Dicite sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura sollers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei ?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis ;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci ;
 Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimùmve terris incolit Lunæ globum :
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas :
 Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,

Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore syderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam poëtas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen.
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

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Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phæbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consultit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis,
 Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
 Torrida dum rutilus compefcit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculeâ intonsus redimitos ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures

Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas ; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Mufas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur ?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odiffe camœnas,
Non odiffe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi :
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque genis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora, tuo, pater optime, sumptu
Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii Veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum subjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluis aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit.
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,

Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.

Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo ?

Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,

Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato

Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,

Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.

Ergo ego jam docte pars quamlibet ima catervæ

Vitrices hederas inter, laurosque sededo,

Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,

Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.

Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,

Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,

Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus ;

In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,

Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus

Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti

Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,

Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato

Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,

Sí modo perpetuos, sperare audebitis annos,

Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,

Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,

Forsthan has laudes, decantatumque parentis

Nomen, ad exemplum, fero servabitis ævo.

P S A L. CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ οὐλ' Ἰακώβ
Ἰ' Αἰγύπτῳ λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρῶφρον,
Δὴ τότε μῦνον ἔλω ὅσιον γένθ' ἦες Ἰὺδα.

Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
 Ἐἶδε κ' ἐν Ἠρσπάδῳ φύγαδ' ἔρρώησε θάλασσα
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ, ὃδ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθη
 Ἰεὺς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
 ὧς κειοὶ σφειγῶντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἄμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν εἰπναι,
 Ὅια πῶδα σύειγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
 Τί πτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἔρρώησας;
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθη
 Ἰεὺς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῷ;
 Τί πτε ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
 ὧς κειοὶ σφειγῶντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
 Βαιοτέραι π' δ' ἄρ' ὑμμεῖς ἀνασκιρτήσατ' εἰπναι,
 Ὅια πῶδα σύειγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
 Σείεο γαῖα τρέσσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκλυπέοντα
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρέισσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰουκίδαο
 Ὃς τε κ' ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χέε μορμύροντας,
 Κρήνιωτ' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ὑπὸ δακρυέουσης.

PHILOSOPHUS ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum &
 infontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnauerat,
 τῷ ὅπῃ θανάτῳ πορδόμενῳ ἡ hac subito misit.

ὦ ἀνα εἰ ὀλέσης με ἢ ἔννομον, ἐδέ πιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δ' ἔρασάνη, σοφώτατον ἴδι χάρηνον
 Ρηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' εἴπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρη,
 Τοῖόν δ' ἐκ πόλιθ' ὀφειλόμενον ἄλλαρ ὀλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἄμα θεῖ γυγρόφθαι χεεὶ τῷδε μὴ εἰκόνα
 Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδ' αὐτρυὲς βλέπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἐκλυτωτὸν ἐκ ὀπηγνόντες φίλοι
 Γελαῶτε φαύλυ δυσμίμημα ζῶγροφου.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

S C A Z O N T E S.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cum decentes flava Dæiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.
 Adesdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque illè magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo alumnos ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum relinquens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ:
 Viroisque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitès sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id perpercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divùm munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
 Sic ille charis redditus rursum Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos

Numa,

Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.
 Tumidusque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obfessum reges,
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro :
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
 Aduſque curvi falſa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum ſtudio, nec non & bellicâ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciffimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus, Geruſalemme conquiſtata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortefi
 Riſplende il Manſo —

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentia profecutus eſt, multaſque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab eâ urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆC quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
 Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiſſime Phœbi,
 Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honores
 Poſt galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetruſci.
 Tu quoque ſi noſtræ tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,
 Viſtrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.
 Te pridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
 Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
 Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,
 Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores ;
 Mellis & Auſonias ſtupefeſcit carmine nymphas.

Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec fatishoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulto : cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges :
 Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam
 Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ ;
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Missimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora succo.

Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.

Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit

Rura Pheretiadae caelo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,

Irriguos inter saltus frondosaeque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi saepe sub ilice nigra
Ad citharae strepitum blandam prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvas,
Emotaeque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter aequus oportet
Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phoebus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetae.

Hinc longava tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, & Aesonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen:
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
Phoebaeos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arcturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictae sociali foedere mensae,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adsit)

Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque fatur cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti fat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
 Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cœlicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
 Quo labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata sinunt) & totâ mente serenûm
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.



EPI T A P H I U M

D A M O N I S.

A R G U M E N T U M.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem vicinix Pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ, amici erant ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperiens, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus, ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cetera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque ceteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon ;
 Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longúmque vigebit
 Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit :
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piúmque,
 Palladiásque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon ;
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modo ? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, & per loca foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis ?
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
 Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,

Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Euris
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:
Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem
Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;

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Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua testa revifens,
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis atque Lepos, & Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
 Anti-

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summâs carperè myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicuta,
Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos,
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura,
Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborùmque, humilésq; crocos, foliùmq; hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentùm.
An pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,
Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardaniâs Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennùmque Arviragùmque duces, priscùmq; Belinum,
Et

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
 Tu procul annosâ pendebis fistula pinu
 Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
 Brittonicum strides. quid enim ? omnia non licet uni,
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia. mî satis ampla
 Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitûsque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alauni,
 Vorticibûsque frequens Abra, & nemo omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
 Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
 Et circùm gemino cælaverat argumento :
 In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silyæ,
 Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
 Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
 Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor, pictæq; in nube pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo ;
 Nec tenues animas, pectûsque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus ?

Nec te Lethæo fas quæsiuisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà :
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;
Heroúmque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices, & gaudia potat
Ore Sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvísque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Lætáque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos ;
Cantus ubi, choreisq; furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsò.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad Joannem Rousium, Oxoniensis Academiæ
Bibliothecarium.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti
postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ publicâ
reponeret. Ode.*

Strophe I.

Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poëtæ,
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,

Nunc

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Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
 Inſons populi, barbitóque devius
 Indulſit patrio, mox itidem peſtine Daunio
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede.

Antiſtrophe.

Quis te parve Iſber, quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo ?
 Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
 Docto jugiter obſecrante amico.
 Illuſtre tendebas iter
 Thameſis ad incunabula
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, Thyaſuſque facer
 Orbi notus per immenſos
 Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum.

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
 Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
 (Si fatis noxas luimus priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus,
 Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenùm ;
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phineámque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegafœo.

Antistrophe,

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantîâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Latare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ :

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roïsius sui
Optat p̄culi, numeróque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ.
Téque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus & ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxonîâ quam valle colit
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidóque Parnassi jugo :

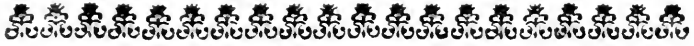
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Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque fortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Graeæ simul & Latinæ
 Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

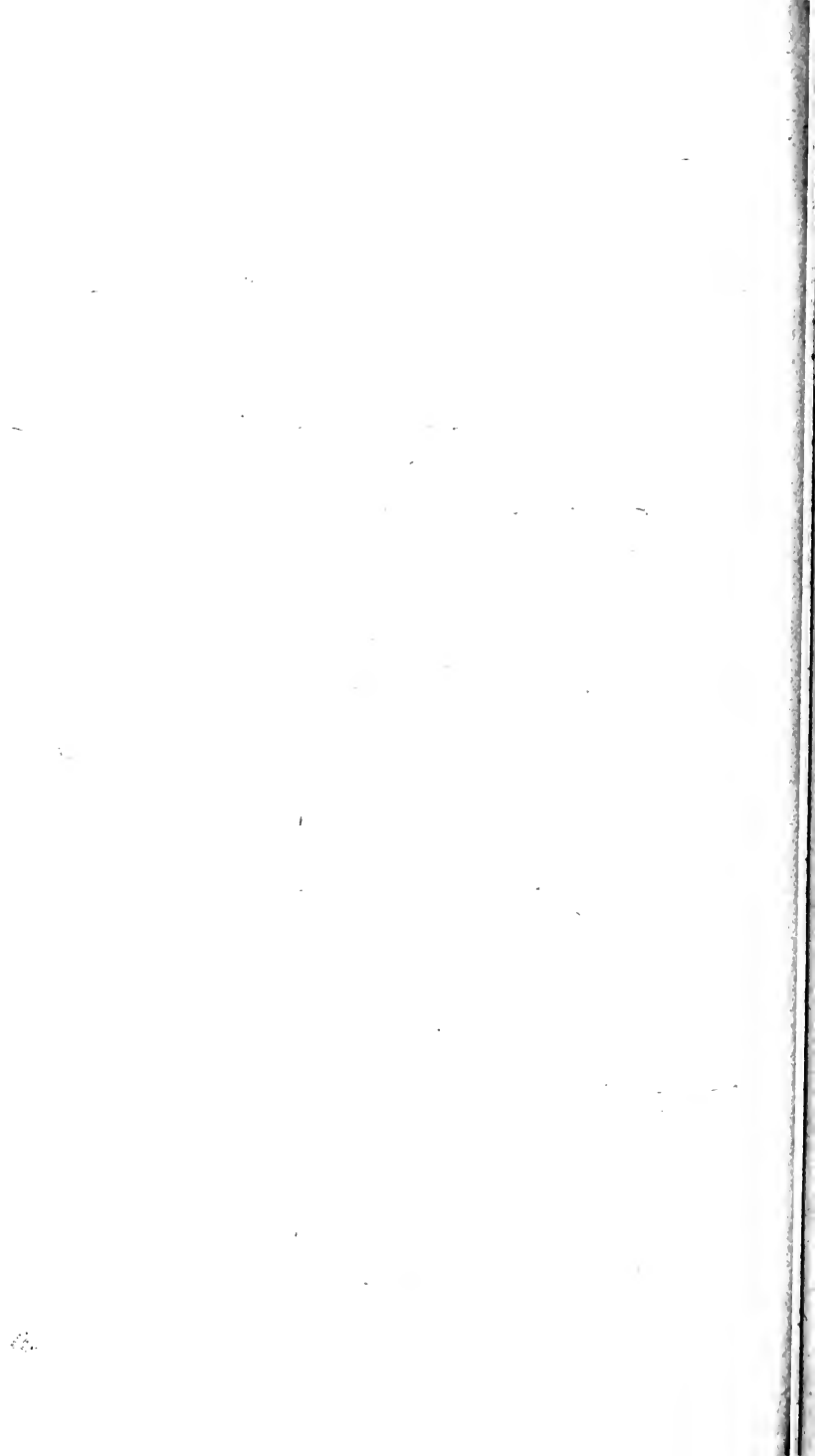
Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roûsi,
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentum prava faceffet ;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roufio favente.

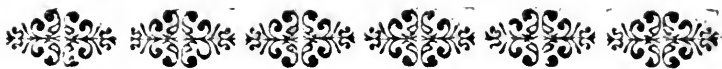
Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec ver-
 suum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respon-
 deant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius,
 quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes.
 Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici monostrophicum
 debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατα χέσιν*, partim *ἀπο-
 λελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco
 bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad
 libitum fecit.



A SMALL
TRACTATE
OF
EDUCATION,
TO
Mr. *HARTLIB.*







O F
E D U C A T I O N.
T O

Mr. *SAMUEL HARTLIB.*

Written about the Year 1650.

Mr. *Hartlib,*



A M long since persuaded, that to say, or do ought worth Memory and Imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us, than simply the love of God, and of Mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of Education, tho it be one of the greatest and noblest Designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this Nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induc'd, but by your earnest Entreaties, and serious Conjurments; as having my Mind for the present half diverted in the pursuance of some other Assertions, the Knowledge and the Use of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of Truth, and honest living, with much more Peace. Nor should the Laws of any private Friendship have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or transpose my former Thoughts, but that I see those Aims, those Actions which have won you with me the Esteem of a Person sent hither by some good Providence from a far Country, to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this Island. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the same Repute with Men of most approved Wisdom, and some of highest Authority among us. Not to mention the learned Correspondence which you hold in foreign Parts, and the extraordinary Pains and Diligence which you have us'd in this Matter both here, and beyond the Seas; either by the definite Will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of Nature, which also is God's working. Neither can I think that so reputed, and so valu'd as you are, you would to the forfeit of your own discerning Ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous Argument, but that the Satisfaction which you profess to have receiv'd from those incidental Discourses which we have

wander'd into, hath prest and almost constrain'd you into a Persuasion, that what you require from me in this Point, I neither ought, nor can in Conscience defer beyond this Time both of so much need at once, and so much Opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is either of Divine, or human Obligation that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in Writing, as you request me, that voluntary *Idea*, which hath long in silence presented it self to me, of a better Education, in Extent and Comprehension far more large, and yet of Time far shorter, and of Attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in Practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this Nation hath extream need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern *Janua's* and *Didactics*, more than ever I shall read, have projected, my Inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few Observations which have flower'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative Years, altogether spent in the search of religious and civil Knowledg, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the Ruins of our first Parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that Knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our Souls of true Virtue, which being united to the heavenly Grace of Faith makes up the highest Perfection. But because our Understanding cannot in this Body find it self but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the Knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior Creature, the same Method is necessarily to be follow'd in all discreet teaching. And seeing every Nation affords not Experience and Tradition enough for all kind of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those People who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; so that Language is but the Instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And tho a Linguist should pride himself to have all the Tongues that *Babel* cleft the World into, yet, if he have not studied

died the solid things in them as well as the Words and Lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteem'd a Learned Man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made Learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amiss to spend seven or eight Years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one Year. And that which casts our Proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle Vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous Exaction, forcing the empty Wits of Children to compose Theams, Verses and Orations, which are the Acts of ripest Judgment, and the final Work of a Head fill'd by long reading and observing, with elegant Maxims, and copious Invention. These are not Matters to be wrung from poor Striplings, like Blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely Fruit? Besides the ill Habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek *Idiom*, with their untutor'd *Anglicisms*, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continu'd and judicious conversing among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of Speech by their certain forms got into Memory, they were led to the Praxis thereof in some chosen short Book lesson'd thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the Substance of good things, and Arts in due Order, which would bring the whole Language quickly into their Power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give Account to God of our Youth spent herein: And for the usual Method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old Error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Scholastick grossness of barbarous Ages, that instead of beginning with Arts most easy, and those be such as are most obvious to the Sense, they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the most intellectual Abstractions of Logick and Metaphysics: So that they having but newly left those Grammatick flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably, to learn a few words with lamentable Construction, and now on the

sudden transported under another Climate to be tost and turmoil'd with their unballasted Wits in fadomless and unquiet deeps of Controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mockt and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful Knowledge; till Poverty or youthful Years call them importunately their several Ways, and hasten them with the sway of Friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity: Some allur'd to the Trade of Law, grounding their Purposes not on the prudent and heavenly Contemplation of Justice and Equity which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing Thoughts of litigious Terms, fat Contentions, and flowing Fees; others betake them to State Affairs, with Souls so unprincipld in Virtue, and true generous breeding, that Flattery, and Court-shifts, and tyrannous Aphorisms appear to them the highest Points of Wisdom; instilling their barren Hearts with a conscientious Slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not fain'd. Others lastly of a more delicious and airy Spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the Enjoyments of Ease and Luxury, living out their Days in Feast and Jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest Course of all these, unless they were with more Integrity undertaken. And these are the Fruits of mispending our prime Youth at the Schools and Universities as we do, either in Learning mere Words, or such things chiefly as were better Unlearnt.

I shall detain you no longer in the Demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct you to a Hill side, where I will point ye out the right Path of a virtuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the first Ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly Prospect, and melodious Sounds on every Side, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest Youth, our Stocks and Stubs from the infinite desire of such a happy Nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest Wits to that asinine Feast of Sowthistles and Brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible Age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education
that

that which fits a Man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the Offices both private and publick of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less Time than is now bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar and *Sophistry*, is to be thus order'd.

First, to find out a spacious House, and Ground about it, fit for an *Academy*, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty Persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be Attendants, all under the Government of one, who shall be thought of Desert sufficient, and Ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This Place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other House of Scholarship, except it be some peculiar College of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be Practitioners; but as for those general Studies which take up all our time from *Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Art, it should be absolute. After this Pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the encrease of Learning and Civility every where. This number less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their days work into three Parts, as it lies orderly. Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary Rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their Speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear Pronunciation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For we *Englishmen* being far Northerly, do not open our Mouths in the cold Air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: so that to smatter *Latin* with an *English* Mouth, is as ill a hearing as *Law-French*. Next to make them expert in the usefulest points of Grammar, and withall to season them, and win them early to the Love of Virtue and true Labour, ere any flattering Seducement, or vain Principle seise them wandring, some easy and delightful Book of Education would be read to them; whereof the *Greeks* have Store, as *Cebes*, *Plutarch*, and other Socratic Discourses. But in *Latin* we have none of classic Authority extant, except the two or three first Books of *Quintilian*,
and

and some select Pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them such Lectures and Explanations upon every Opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing Obedience, enflam'd with the Study of Learning, and the Admiration of Virtue; stirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave Men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all Ages: That they may despise and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught Qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exercises; which he who hath the Art and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual Persuasions, and what with the intimation of some Fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own Example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible Diligence and Courage; infusing into their young Breasts such an ingenuous and noble Ardor as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless Men. At the same time, some other hour of the Day, might be taught them the Rules of Arithmetick, and soon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After Evening repast, till bed-time, their Thoughts will be best taken up in the easy grounds of Religion, and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors of *Agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella*; for the matter is most easy, and if the Language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their Years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and inabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good: for this was one of *Hercules* Praises. Ere half these Authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuse but be Masters of any ordinary Prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern Author, the use of the Globes, and all the Maps; first with the old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philosophy. And at the same time might be entring into the *Greek* Tongue, after the same manner as was before prescrib'd in the *Latin*; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being soon overcome, all the Historical Physiology of *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus* are open before them, and as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to *Vitruvius*, to *Seneca's* natural Questions, to *Mela, Celsus, Pliny, or Solinus*. And having thus

thus pass the Principles of *Arithmetick, Geometry, Astronomy,* and *Geography,* with a general compact of *Physicks,* they may descend in *Mathematicks* to the instrumental Science of *Trigonometry,* and from thence to *Fortification, Architecture, Enginry,* or *Navigation.* And in natural Philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the History of *Meteors, Minerals, Plants* and living *Creatures,* as far as *Anatomy.* Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious Writer the Institution of *Physick;* that they may know the *Temper,* the *Humours,* the *Seasons,* and how to manage a *Crudity:* Which he who can wisely and timely do, is not only a great *Physician* to himself, and to his *Friends,* but also may at some time or other save an *Army* by this frugal and expenseless means only; and not let the healthy and stout *Bodies* of young *Men* rot away under him for want of this discipline; which is a great pity, and no less a shame to the *Commander.* To set forward all these proceedings in *Nature* and *Mathematicks,* what hinders, but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of *Hunters, Fowlers, Fishermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries;* and in the other Sciences, *Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomists;* who doubtless would be ready, some for *Reward,* and some to favour such a hopeful *Seminary?* And this will give them such a real tincture of natural *Knowledge,* as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then also those *Poets* which are now counted most hard, will be both facil and pleasant, *Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius;* and in *Latin, Lucretius, Manilius,* and the rural part of *Virgil.*

By this time, *Years* and good general *Precepts* will have furnisht them more distinctly with that act of *Reason* which in *Ethics* is call'd *Proairesis:* that they may with some *Judgment* contemplate upon moral *Good* and *Evil.* Then will be requir'd a special reinforcement of constant and sound *Endoctrinating* to set them right and firm, instructing them more amply in the knowledge of *Virtue* and the hatred of *Vice:* while their young and pliant *Affections* are led thro all the moral *Works* of *Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius,* and those *Locrian Remnants;* but still to be reduc'd in their nightward studies wherewith they close the day's *Work,* under the determinate Sentence of *David* or *Salomon,*

Salomon, or the Evangelists and Apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal Duty, they may then begin the Study of Economies. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd hour the *Italian* Tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good Antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice Comedies, *Greek*, *Latin*, or *Italian*: Those Tragedies also that treat of household Matters, as *Trachinia*, *Alceftis*, and the like. The next remove must be to the Study of *Politricks*; to know the Beginning, End, and Reasons of political Societies; that they may not in a dangerous Fit of the Common-wealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counsellors have lately shewn themselves, but stedfast Pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of Law, and legal Justice; deliver'd first, and with best warrant by *Moses*; and as far as humane Prudence can be trusted, in those extoll'd remains of *Gracian* Law-givers, *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Zaleucus*, *Charondas*, and thence to all the *Roman Edicts* and Tables, with their *Justinian*; and so down to the *Saxon* and common Laws of *England*, and the Statutes. Sundays also and every Evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest Matters of *Theology*, and Church-History Ancient and Modern: and ere this time the *Hebrew* Tongue at a set Hour might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own Original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the *Chaldey*, and the *Syrian* Dialect. When all these Employments are well conquer'd, then will the choice Histories, *Heroic Poems*, and *Attic* Tragedies of stateliest and most regal Argument, with all the famous Political Orations offer themselves; which if they were not only read, but some of them got by Memory, and solemnly pronounc'd with right Accent and Grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the Spirit and Vigor of *Demosthenes*, or *Cicero*, *Euripedes*, or *Sophocles*. And now lastly will be the time to read with them those organic Arts which inable Men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fitted stile of Lofty, Mean, or Lowly. *Logic* therefore so much as is useful, is to be refer'd to this due Place, with all her well coucht Heads and Topics, until it be time to open her contracted Palm into a graceful and ornate *Rhetorick* taught out of the

Rule of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Phalereus*, *Cicero*, *Hermogenes*, *Longinus*. To which Poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the Profody of a Verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the Rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in *Aristotle's Poetics*, in *Horace*, and the *Italian Commentaries of Castelvetro*, *Tasso*, *Mazzoni*, and others, teaches what the Laws are of a true *Epic Poem*, what of a *Dramatic*, what of a *Lyric*, what Decorum is, which is the grand Master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable Creatures our common Rimers and Play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in Divine and Humane Things. From hence and not till now will be the right Season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent Matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into Things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Council, Honour and Attention would be waiting on their Lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Visages, other Gestures, and Stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under, oft-times to as great a Trial of our Patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their Ancestors dead, than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so suppos'd they must proceed by the stedy pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been Taught, until they have confirm'd, and solidly united the whole body of their perfected Knowledg, like the last embattelling of a *Roman Legion*. Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.

Their EXERCISE.

The course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is, what I can guess by reading, likest to those ancient and famous Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Isocrates*, *Aristotle* and such others,

others, out of which were bred up such a number of renowned Philosophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over *Greece, Italy, and Asia*, besides the flourishing Studies of *Cyrene* and *Alexandria*. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which *Plato* noted in the Common-wealth of *Sparta*; whereas that City train'd up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and *Lycaum*, all for the Gown, this Institution of breeding which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow'd them for Exercise, and due Rest afterwards: But the time for this may be enlarg'd at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with Edge, or Point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless Courage, which being temper'd with seasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a native and heroick Valour, and make them hate the cowardise of doing wrong. They must be also practiz'd in all the Locks and Gripes of Wrestling, wherein *Englishmen* were wont to excell, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travail'd Spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful *Organist* plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well studied cords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute, or soft *Organ-stop* waiting on elegant Voices either to religious, material, or civil Ditties; which if wise Men and Prophets be not extreemly out, have a great Power over Dispositions and Manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustick Harshness and distemper'd Passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after Meat to assist and cherish Nature in her first Concoction, and send their Minds back to study in good

tune and satisfaction. Where having follow'd it close under vigilant Eyes till about two hours before Supper, they are by a sudden Alarum or watch Word, to be call'd out to their military Motions, under Skie or Covert, according to the Season, as was the *Roman* wont; first on foot, then as their Age permits on Horse-back, to all the Art of Cavalry; That having in sport but with much exactness and daily muster, serv'd out the Rudiments of their Souldiership in all the skill of Embatteling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Besieging and Battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern Stratagem, Tacticks and warlike Maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the service of their Country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful Armies, suffer them for want of just and wise Discipline to shed away from about them like sick Feathers, tho' they be never so oft supply'd: they would not suffer their empty and unrecrutable Colonels of 20 Men in a Company, to quaff out, or convey into secret Hoards, the Wages of a delusive List, and a miserable Remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-master'd with a score or two of Drunkards, the only Souldery left about them, or else to comply with all Rapines and Violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that Knowledge that belongs to good Men or good Governours, they would not suffer these things. But to return to our own Institutes, besides these constant Exercises at home, there is another Opportunity of gaining Experience to be won from Pleasure it self abroad: In those vernal Seasons of the Year, when the Air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and fullness against Nature not to go out, and see her Riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth. I should not therefore be a Perswader to them of studying much then, after two or three Year that they have well laid their Grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and staid Guides, to all the Quarters of the Land: learning and observing all Places of strength, all Commodities of building and of soil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and Ports for Trade. Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical Knowledge of sailing and of Sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar Gifts

of Nature, and if there were any secret Excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance it self by, which cou'd not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into Fashion again those old admired Virtues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian Knowledg. Nor shall we then need the *Monsieurs of Paris* to take our hopeful Youth into their slight and prodigal Custodies, and send them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes, and Kichshoes. But if they desir'd to see other Countries at three or four and twenty Years of Age, not to learn Principles but to enlarge Experience, and make wise Observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all Men where they pass, and the Society and Friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their own Country.

Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House; for much Time else would be lost abroad, and many ill Habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy. Thus, Mr. *Hartlib*, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discours'd with you concerning the best and noblest way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many Considerations, if brevity had not been my scope. Many other circumstances also I could have mention'd, but this to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for Light and Direction may be enough. Only I believe, that this is not a Bow for every Man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which *Homer* gave *Ulysses*: yet I am withall perswaded that it may prove much more ease in the Assay, than it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that Imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this Age have Spirit and Capacity enough to apprehend.

